# The New REPUBLIC

*Published Weekly*

Wednesday October 28, 1931


# Panic

*An editorial on hoarding, a major symptom of our economic disease*

## War Theory of Crime Control

by ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

## Amalgamated Unionism

by J. B. S. HARDMAN

## The Enchanted Forest

by EDMUND WILSON


FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXVIII. NO. 882



Forbes Library

Northampton, Mass.



...under the act of March 3, 1879



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The New REPUBLIC SHELF

*books The New Republic feels will be of interest to its readers.**

## Roget's International THESAURUS

"WORDS GROUPED BY IDEAS"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement to the dictionary. $3.00

THOS. Y. CROWELL CO. NEW YORK

## Beyond the Sublime Porte

By BARNETTE MILLER
With a Preface by Halidé Edib

An illuminating picture of that palace of mystery, the Grand Seraglio of Stamboul. Its history, its architecture and the life within its walls are graphically portrayed. "She has accomplished a comprehensive, scholarly work illuminating important aspects of a remarkable political institution which has passed away."—*Halidé Edib.* Illustrated. Price $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW HAVEN

## A Season in Hell
### The Life of Arthur Rimbaud

By JEAN MARIE CARRE
*translated by Hannah and Matthew Josephson*

"We are plunged into a dignified, splendid biography . . . The author informs us on the perplexing points of this baffling personality, who to this day exerts a potent influence."—*John Cournos,* in the *N. Y. Sun.*

"Whatever else Rimbaud was, he lived a life out of which legends grow."—*Lewis Gannett.* $3.00

MACAULAY NEW YORK

## Loyalties: Mesopotamia, 1914-1917
*A Personal and Historical Record*

## Mesopotamia: 1917-1920
*A Clash of Loyalties*

By SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON

" . . . the first really authoritative account . . . grips one's attention. . . . Sir Arnold Wilson's two volumes will survive . . . by virtue of the high human courage and generosity with which they tell of an experiment which aroused so many spirits to enthusiastic service . . . this story has found its own exceptional chronicler in a man who was *pars magna* of the story that he relates." —EDWARD THOMPSON in *The New Republic.*

2 Volumes, each $10.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW YORK

## W (VIVA)
### Seventy New Poems

By E. E. CUMMINGS

E E. Cummings is an incorrigible original; he is a defiant, nose-thumbing devil's disciple whose sharp and wicked caricatures and mordant humor tempt and resist hosts of imitators. Here are seventy new poems in moods lyrical, metaphysical, grotesque and hieroglyphic. $2.50

HORACE LIVERIGHT, INC. NEW YORK

## Modern Economic Society

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER

"Mr. Slichter's book is, I am convinced, the one best survey that has yet been written. . . . If the serious layman wishes to see what professional economists have, and have not to contribute to the solution of the world's economic difficulties, and if he must test the case by a single book, let him by all means choose and read 'Modern Economic Society.'"—CARTER GOODRICH in *The New Republic.* $5.00

HENRY HOLT AND CO. NEW YORK

## Concentration in Amercian Industry

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

"Dr. Laidler has written a book which is simply indispensable to the defender of 'rugged individualism' and to the advocate of national planning."—*Charles A. Beard.* $3.75

THOS. Y. CROWELL CO. NEW YORK

## European Alliances and Alignments: 1871-1890

By WILLIAM L. LANGER *of Harvard University*

"A uniquely penetrating study of a definite, close-knit period of European history, based on the immense amount of documentary material which has recently become available . . . so impressively solid a structure that it has every appearance of being able to offer an unshaken front to criticism for many years to come."—*Ferdinand Schevill in this magazine.* 7 maps, 6¼" x 9½", 540 pp. $5.00

ALFRED A. KNOPF NEW YORK

*Buy these books at your bookstore. If they are not available there, send your order with remittance to The New Republic.*

** Books advertised on this page are considered by the New Republic to be worthy of its readers' attention because of the importance of their subject matter and ideas, or because of their usefulness to readers. Inclusion of a book does not imply comparative rating with other books and does not necessarily mean that the author's point of view is that of The New Republic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The New REPUBLIC

## A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1931 NUMBER 882


Contents


The Week ..... 282

Editorials

Panic ..... 285
The League Overshadows Manchuria..... 286

General Articles

The War Theory of Crime Control.....
.....Ernest Jerome Hopkins 288
The Enchanted Forest.....Edmund Wilson 290
Amalgamated Unionism.....J. B. S. Hardman 294
You Don't Gotta.....Chester T. Crowell 297
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 299
By the Waters of Babylon.....Stark Young 300

Correspondence ..... 302

Reviews of Books

Science as Power.....Lewis Mumford 303
The Venezuelan Plains .....Charles A. Pearce 304
Personality: Fact or Illusion?.....Harold Ward 304
Voices from the Dark.....Ronald B. Levinson 305
Which Fatherland?.....James Rorty 305
Book Notes ..... 306


## The Week

POINT by point, the glacier of deflation creeps over the economic life of the world, congealing it to lower terms of inanition. Brazil stops payment on foreign bond holdings. Canada forbids the export of gold, and so lets her exchange go as England did. In Mexico, a change to the silver basis, dictated by Calles, has not stopped serious unrest, and consequently the strong man has been made Minister of War, as well as Minister of almost everything else. In Paris two important banks are in difficulty—one of them probably because of its loans to Jugoslavia. In the United States the report of bank failures fills a daily column in the papers, in spite of the hurried progress in organizing the new credit corporation. Probably this agency will prove to be disappointing to any high hopes. The frozen securities which it can liquidate will scarcely be enough to affect the situation. And, to top off the general gloom, the hullabaloo of the campaign for "voluntary" unemployment relief is on, with its professional money-raisers, charity football games, bill posters, and smug inefficiency.

THE very idea of the "dole" in the United States is rejected with horror by our respectable oracles who proclaim that the government agencies must not distribute charity, that Americans abhor charity and desire only wages, and that made work must be provided for the indigent through private initiative. Now that we know these slogans by heart, it is well to consider statistics of the real working of relief in this country, as furnished by the Russell Sage Foundation, whose surveys of 434 public and private agencies in eighty-one large cities have proved to be the most reliable indicators we have. Of a sum of $10,139,000 expended for relief during the month of August, 1931, 77 percent came from public agencies, and only 23 percent from private charity. Less than 22 percent of this total sum, about $2,174,000, was expended for made work; the rest was all outright relief. In other words, the figures reveal the American system as something which is almost four-fifths dole in actual practice. Furthermore, the vaunted plans for providing emergency relief work seem to be breaking down, such made work having declined 25 percent during August as against the July level; so that upright though jobless Americans are forced to depend more and more upon charity pure and simple. The amount of such charity in itself tapered off during August by 4 percent, while the number of families receiving aid was actually increasing. These families perforce took less money and less food.

THERE has been no slackening in the demand for aid, according to the most recently available figures; the moderate reduction in expenditures during August reflects a shortage of funds. Estimates for the coming year which have been prepared for Walter S. Gifford by thirty-four cities are discouraging: the huge sum of $170,090,130 will be required, and the greater part of this must be raised through local tax resources. Nearly half of the reporting cities indicate that they may not be able to bear their share of the burden. In the meantime the curve of outright relief expenditures begins to rise sharply at this season; it is twice as high as in 1930 and four times as high as in 1929. We have, in short, an American dole the brunt of


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is borne by the public through levies of municipal and county governments, while private initiative and private charity play but a meager part. But the American dole works unevenly, inefficiently, unjustly. We have also, and have always had with us, another disorder: the unwillingness to call a spade a spade.

THE significant point about the failure of the A. F. of L. to recommend compulsory unemployment insurance was not that it adopted this attitude, but that the opposition to the official conservatism was as strong as it was, including some of the oldest "pure-and-simple" trade unionists. A number of powerful state federations have also gone on record for the measure. It is a foregone conclusion that the A. F. of L. will oppose almost any new type of labor legislation until the law has actually been adopted in a number of states through the support of progressives inside and outside of the labor movement, and that in the end the national "leaders" will fall in at the tail of the procession. This is what they have done in the past. The traditional attitude toward social legislation, as toward independent political action, is based on the assertion that the primary object of labor is to organize and improve its position in the economic field. This basic belief is unassailable; but there are two things wrong with the way the Federation applies the principle. One is that it does not push the job of organization; the other is, as the history of the past fifty years in every country proves, that the economic organization of labor is strengthened, rather than weakened, the more labor makes use of the arm of the state.

THE violent anti-Catholic movement now taking place in Spain is nothing new in the history of that country. The decision of the Constitutional Cortes to separate Church and State and to nationalize the property of the Jesuits, ejecting the members of this powerful organization as well as those of religious orders that are deemed to infringe upon the rights of the State, is the climax of a long and bitter struggle. In the past, during the Church's heyday of wealth and power, periodical attacks were directed against it by both the kings and the people. The Church became a worldly organization. In one instance the Roman Pope was amazed to hear that the novices and nuns of Seville and Toledo held beauty contests among themselves. But in its constant rise, Spanish Catholicism lost sight of everything else. With the coming of the nineteenth century its power and wealth reached such proportions that the Church was Spain. Though it lost the allegiance of the people, its organizations gained control of railroads, factories, banks, department stores and even cafés, to say nothing of schools, colleges and wealthy bishoprics. In its pursuit of "businesslike" activities it enjoyed official favor, nonpayment of taxes and even governmental subsidies. The Northern Railroad, controlled by the Jesuits, is indebted to the national treasury by an amount almost double the nearly 400,000,000 pesetas of its capitalization. Many of these properties will pass to the government as soon as it wants to call back the loans granted during the years of pilfering under regimes that courted the favor of the Church to the great detriment of the people. But in many cases it will not be so easy. In recent months, for instance, the Jesuits have mortgaged almost all their property and many banks of the nation are afraid of what may happen. Their vaults are full of frozen assets. At best, Catholicism will remain in the country as just one more religious "sect." Anyone with religious beliefs may help to support his church. But that will be all. The "most Catholic" country of the world has decided to go without religion.

BISHOP James Cannon and "King" Al Capone are fairly caught in the toils of the law. The Bishop has been indicted on ten counts, under the Corrupt Practices Act, for the unaccounted manipulation of $63,000 in the anti-Smith campaign of 1928; the "King" has been convicted for fraudulent evasion of his federal income tax. These are not precisely the crimes of which public opinion holds the culprits guilty; yet, in this hour of triumph, who would cavil? There is only the one technical criticism that may be made of our legal machinery: that it takes two, three or four years to apprehend, or even obtain an indictment against, a major criminal. It is as if the whole nation becomes aware by slow degrees of a thorn in its side (Capone), or a wriggling midge in its mighty eye (Cannon), and moves ponderously at last to eject the irritating element. However, justice, in clutching at these two culprits at once, has not shown itself wanting in the sense of the fitness of things. Cannon and Capone have long been coöperating perfectly: the intriguer for bigotry, religious prejudice and prohibitions of all kinds has furnished the setting for the organizer of the underworld, the purveyor of liquor, prostitution and gambling facilities. The one makes blue laws; the other arises to undo them. Of the two enemies of society it is not hard to decide which is the more guilty and the more detestable. Capone is widely credited with having put many of his competitors "on the spot." Cannon has conspired to revive religious hatreds which, through the centuries, have made innumerable wars and caused rivers of blood to flow.

WHEN "The Tragedy of Tony," Ernest J. Hopkins' article in the October 7 issue of The New Republic, was read in Cleveland, it produced a political scandal and a formal investigation. Mr. Hopkins nowhere mentioned the name of the city—in fact, he gave no names whatever—but Clevelanders assumed that he was referring to the case of Tony Colletti, a young Italian arrested for the murder of his wife. The Colletti case, forgotten for a year, was revived in the newspapers; Council-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man Charles Cavano threatened to bring it up in city council, and Chief of Police George J. Matowitz forestalled this action by requesting an investigation by a committee to be appointed by Newton D. Baker as president of the Association for Criminal Justice. Public hearings are now being held. It is probably too much to hope that the persons responsible for the death of Tony, or the other persons responsible for the murder of his wife Christine, will ever be brought to justice, but meanwhile a picture of this tragedy—extraordinary in some ways, typical in many others—is being fixed in the public mind. Here were two young, happily married people who knew too much for their own good. They wanted to go straight, but both of them had been connected with a gang of powerful bootleggers on the East Side of Cleveland. In July, 1930, Joseph Porello, "the corn-sugar baron," and Sam Tilocco were murdered outside their house. Christine saw the murderers and made the mistake of letting people know that she saw them. On August 1, she was dragged away from her husband and taken for a one-way ride. The police, instead of trying to find the people who really killed her, assumed that Tony himself was guilty, and set out to make him confess. They succeeded, by their own methods. And Tony, on the day when he was ready to go into court with five reliable witnesses to prove that he had been severely beaten by the police, was found hanging in his cell, presumably a suicide—but a most convenient and obliging suicide for those who feared the evidence to be presented at his trial.

THE exposures being made from day to day concerning the New York City administration by Judge Samuel Seabury and his assistants have piled up a tremendous total of unaccountable sums of money which have been handled privately by city officials. One estimate has placed the amounts banked during six years by officials, who were at the same time Tammany district leaders, at $1,885,875. There is also the $2,000,000 taken by the famous horse doctor, Doyle. But the culminating scandal has been the discovery that a certain Russell T. Sherwood, whom Judge Seabury has described as Mayor Walker's financial and business agent, has had bank and brokerage accounts of over $1,000,000. Sherwood, who was to be subpoenaed, fled to Mexico, while Mayor Walker has done nothing toward getting him to return and has had "nothing to say." Little is heard of the "new" or reformed Tammany Hall which, according to rumor, was to deal only in "polite" graft. As one instance after another of suspiciously large cash jugglings is uncovered, the clamor rises for the ousting of the city officials involved. In the meantime the cynical indifference preserved by New York's Democratic leaders leads to the worst possible interpretation of the known facts. Indeed, former Governor Smith, in a Tammany speech on October 14, completely ignored the Seabury revelations. If Tammany believes that he can lend them respectability by these tactics, it is deceiving itself. The effect is rather to lower Mr. Smith's prestige in the eyes of all those who had regarded him as one who had risen above the corruption of his organization.

THE first of the committees appointed by the Progressive Conference last spring to report is that on public utilities. Its attitude will cause no surprise among those who have studied the utilities situation from the point of view of the consumer and the public. The utilities are entrusted with public services which the public would normally provide for itself unless it felt that the private interests would do a better job. But the private interests have enriched themselves at public expense and have defied proper regulation. It is necessary, therefore, not only to strengthen the regulation, but to set up public agencies to compete with the private agencies, which may set standards for their performance and costs. This is the real importance of the disposition of enterprises like Muscle Shoals and the St. Lawrence project. Likewise, in the case of the railways, the committee recommends a great public system of systems, to compete with those privately owned—as there has for some years been in Canada, in the shape of the Canadian National Railways. This system was formed when many railway bonds were defaulted, to rescue an impossible situation and provide a continuance of transportation. Since then, under the able management of Sir Henry Thornton, it has more than justified its existence. The present railroad crisis would seem to offer a similar opportunity in the United States.

THE Institute of Pacific Relations, contrary to the original report, is to go ahead with its regular semi-annual conference. The place of meeting is changed from Hangchow to Shanghai; otherwise the plans remain unchanged by the Manchurian crisis. The delegates will include twelve leading Japanese and sixteen Chinese. That is a triumph for the Institute; it is able to carry on its main purpose of investigating the fundamental problems of the Pacific nations and exchanging points of view without interruption by immediate bitter controversies. The unofficial and expert status of the delegates allows them, even in the presence of warlike demonstrations, to consider the basic issues which must be dealt with if such conflicts are in the long run to be prevented. The Institute is not a debating society of partisans, or a body devoted to diplomatic bargaining, but an instrument of enlightenment and understanding.

GUIDO SERIO, the Italian Communist who was arrested about a year ago and threatened with deportation to Italy where he would have been immediately arrested and probably sentenced to life imprisonment or worse, has, by a recent decision of the Department of Labor, been given permission to go to Soviet Russia at his own expense. Readers of The New Republic who are familiar with his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case and with that of the Chinese student Li Tao Hsuan, who was also granted the same privilege, will be gratified to learn that the Department of Labor seems to have definitely decided that if radical aliens must be deported they should at least be granted the right of selecting the country to which they go.

## Panic

A MONTH ago the economy of the world was in danger because the United States was holding so much of the monetary supply of gold. For years the problem has been how to keep from getting too much, and how to redistribute what we had. Today people are asking whether the dollar is to go the way of the pound because an outflow of gold has actually begun. Such is the irrationality of panic. In spite of its evil effect, it is irresistibly comic.

Why anybody should have lost confidence in the gold value of the dollar is inexplicable in the face of the known figures. In recent weeks about $600,000,000 of gold has been exported from New York or earmarked for foreign accounts. That left a reserve of $4,424,000,000, more than we had in 1928 and even $100,000,000 more than at the peak of the 1929 boom. We have more than double the amount established by law as a legal minimum for the reserve against Federal Reserve notes outstanding. We could lose over $2,000,000,000 before any question of forbidding the export of gold could arise. We may lose gold rapidly if foreigners who still have deposits here or hold short-term credits in this market decide to turn these quick assets into yellow metal. Such foreigners are, for the most part, banks. Yet the visible demand deposits and acceptance holdings of foreign banks in this country were stated by The Wall Street Journal on October 17 to be only $272,000,000. If we assume, then, that all such credits were withdrawn, and that on the other hand American banks took no protective action by withdrawing similar credits of their own in foreign countries, we still should have far more gold than we need, and a disproportionate share of the world's supply.

This does not, of course, mean that it would be impossible to drive us off the gold basis. No bank in the world is strong enough to withstand a big enough run. If foreigners were sufficiently frightened to dump securities held in this country on a disorganized market for what they would bring at panic prices, and to hold the proceeds in gold, and if Americans began to sell their domestic securities in large volume in order to buy foreign ones, the trick might be turned. But nothing short of the dementia of panic could explain a run on a bank known to have a reserve larger than any other, a reserve which had long been considered so large as to be embarrassing.

If a redistribution of our gold has been held an essential in worldwide prosperity, why is not the present movement a wholesome influence? The reason is that it has not arisen in the "normal" course of trade and investment. International shipments of gold are ordinarily employed merely to create a balance of payments, when other items are not even, and credits do not cover the difference. We have been getting gold since the War, because the balance of payments has almost continually run in our favor. This means that foreign nations have not been able to export enough goods and services, or to send us enough by way of investments and loans, or to ship us enough tourists, to pay all that they owed us. Nobody, in the end, profits from one-way trade. The essential thing has been, not so much to get the gold back to the countries which had too little as to create the trade conditions under which the gold would normally flow back to them. Under such conditions, the foreign banks which received the gold would presumably use it as a basis of expanding currency and credit, thus assisting a restoration of prosperity. But at present the gold exported or held here under foreign earmark is not being so used. It is being hoarded, just as if it were drawn out by a nervous depositor in this country.

Foreign drafts on our gold at present are prompted by precisely the same motives, and have the same effects, as hoarding at home. And hoarding is being practised from the bottom of financial society to the top. The man whose ready funds have once been tied up by a bank closing, or who has been frightened by the steady flow of bank failures, is likely to keep his cash instead of depositing it. Every gathering provides its stories of individuals who have converted their ready resources into gold. Industrial corporations are cutting wages rather than drawing on their surpluses, and are keeping on hand large cash reserves which they refuse to spend. Banks themselves are so fearful of runs that they hold large stores of currency, decline to lend even on normally good business risks, and keep their money in nothing but the most liquid of securities and quick assets. Foreign governments nervously guard their reserves. And the President of the United States, faced with the common restriction of income, slashes expenditures in every possible direction, resists all pleas to spend more for the common good, and fears either to tax or to borrow more than he must—though the government is the one great agency in the situation which has the power to increase its income of its own volition and is able to put money in circulation whether customers are ready to buy its products or not.

Hoarding is an acute panic symptom, and a symptom which itself aggravates the disease. It sets up a vicious circle like the vicious circle of a neurasthenic patient. His fears make him sick, and the sicker he feels, the more his fears injure him. It is no good to tell him that his sickness has an imaginary source—he feels just as badly as if he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had swallowed Paris green. Ordinary stimuli do not bring the usual responses. The personality tends to disintegrate. So it is with our economic society. The ordinary assumptions of confidence are swept away. When confidence exists, each man, acting in his own interest, acts in such a way as to keep the economic machine going, or even to expand its activities. But now people who keep their cash by them, companies which refuse to spend and banks which decline to lend, though they are undoubtedly acting prudently as far as their respective interests are concerned, all combine to depress the life of the whole system and destroy its tissues of value. No one of them dares act differently, since he cannot depend on others to follow his example, and if they do not act, he may be lost. Panic hoarding demonstrates with how tenuous a band our individualistic economy is tied together.

To break out of the vicious circle requires a powerful agency of collective effort. Nothing short of the government of the United States can do it. But the government, under President Hoover, acts tardily and with only a sluggish imitation of the full force it might exert. If only it could be started on a program of spending and borrowing and taxing to something like the extent of the possibilities, money would begin to flow, markets to improve, prices to rise and confidence perhaps to be restored. By taking too much and acting too little, by an excessive and timorous caution about disturbing confidence, Mr. Hoover has so far disturbed confidence more than any President in a generation. It is true that he has lately begun to act. But the danger is that by a succession of delayed and insufficient acts he will finally destroy any power he has to lead the country out of panic. The time has long passed when a wholesome degree of inflation can be brought about by banking or private measures. If anyone is to begin to pump money into the arteries of trade, the government must do the job. The administration should substitute the immense moral power of example for the discredited instrument of preaching, and show by what it does that panic is unnecessary.

## The League Overshadows Manchuria

THE CONFLICT between Japan and China in Manchuria has produced two events of far-reaching importance. The United States has temporarily joined the League's Council, and for the first time in its existence, the League has dared oppose a first-class military power, Japan, in the interests of peace.

We have taken our seat on the Council as one of the originators of the Kellogg Pact. This constitutes an open admission that, in the view of President Hoover and Secretary Stimson, the most efficacious way to implement the Kellogg Pact is through coöperation with the League. It will be very difficult for us, when other international crises arise in the future, not to follow the precedent which has now been set. It marks the official ending of our pretended neutrality and isolation.

Emboldened by our support, the League has embarked upon what is the most ambitious attempt yet made to settle an acute international dispute, involving one of the Great Powers. It promises to be the severest test that the League's peace machinery has had to undergo.

To appreciate the task confronting the League, it is necessary to understand that Japanese military and naval officers are entirely confident, rightly or wrongly, of their ability to defy the world. They are convinced that America and England, because of their pressing economic difficulties, are in no mood to engage in a long, doubtful naval war in the Far East. Soviet Russia, they believe, is not yet equipped to fight, and is engrossed in the carrying out of its Five Year Plan. Japan's government will not be moved by threats of force; whatever the League may succeed in accomplishing must be done through its moral prestige and the reasonableness of its proposals for peace.

The record of the Manchurian conflict shows clearly enough that the League, at least in the beginning, acted only with great reluctance. Manchuria's capital, Mukden, was shelled and occupied by Japanese troops in the early morning hours of September 18. During that same day, Japanese troops also seized the important cities of Changchun and Kirin. A protest was at once sent to the League Council, then in session at Geneva, by the Chinese Nationalist government, and a special meeting of the Council was held September 22. Japan and China received the customary warning to "abstain from every act liable to aggravate the situation or prejudice a peaceful settlement," and Japan was instructed to withdraw its troops.

When the next Council meeting was held three days later, on September 25, Japan had not withdrawn its troops, and the Japanese representative, M. Yoshizawa, told the Council that it must "trust Japan's sincerity," and permit it to settle with China without interfering. At this calm statement of Japan's intention to ignore the League, Dr. Alfred Sze, the Chinese delegate, excitedly demanded that th Council invoke Article XV of the Covenant. Article XV gives the League formal jurisdiction over "any dispute likely to lead to a rupture," and, in most instances, makes it obligatory for the League to render a decision. Any country thereafter resorting to war becomes automatically an aggressor nation, and the enemy of the whole League.

Dr. Sze's proposal threw the Council meeting into a near panic. Lord Robert Cecil, one of the authors of the Covenant, informed Dr. Sze that there was no question of invoking Article XV, that the Council had no criticism to make of Japan's position and that the best thing China could do was to begin direct negotiations with Tokio. When the substance of Lord Cecil's speech was cabled to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China, a band of students broke into the offices of Dr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese Foreign Minister, beat him severely with clubs and demanded that China withdraw from the League forthwith. The Council adjourned. On October 9, twelve Japanese army planes carried out a two-hour attack upon Chinchow, one of the chief cities along the British-owned Peiping-Mukden railroad. Both London and Washington showed themselves greatly aroused. Mr. Stimson dispatched a note to the League, urging it to use "all the pressure and authority in its competence," and at the same time, he made the surprising announcement that Mr. Prentiss Gilbert, our representative at Geneva, had been authorized to sit with the Council at an emergency meeting called for October 13.

There is every reason to believe that President Hoover and Secretary Stimson decided upon cooperation with the League only because all other diplomatic resources had failed them. Mr. Stimson has admitted that as early as September 22, a note was sent to Japan, reminding it of its responsibilities under both the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty, drawn up during the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921, by which China's territorial integrity is guaranteed. Japan's reply was a public statement denying all territorial ambitions, and stating curtly that whatever measures had been taken in Manchuria had been solely to ensure Japan's national security. Any further independent move by America would almost certainly have evoked a similar rebuff. When the League's Council met at Geneva last week, it was with a new and more militant temper. Over the violent and, from a strictly juridical standpoint, possibly justifiable protests of Japan, a resolution was railroaded through, admitting the United States to a Council seat, with the right to participate in the discussion but not to vote. Practically speaking, this distinction must be tenuous. A decision was also taken publicly to invoke the Kellogg Pact.

It is obvious that the policy of the Council must now be to mark time while a compromise is being devised to permit the quarreling governments, according to Oriental necessities, to save their faces. Under the Covenant, the next formal move of the Council, if all attempts at compromise fail, must be to invoke Article XV, a step which it can be assumed will be avoided until the last possible moment. In spite of senatorial fears in Washington, the likelihood of recourse to Article XVI, containing the economic and military sanctions of the Covenant, is extremely remote.

One encouraging factor is the evident wish of the Council to obtain the coöperation of Soviet Russia, something which the United States, because of its asinine policy of non-recognition, could not do by itself. Tokio, during the last few weeks, has made a frenzied attempt to invite Russia's benevolent neutrality, and has apparently cited our official hostility as one of the chief reasons why Russia, in its own self-interest, should take Japan's side. Something should also be said about China's anti-Japanese boycott, now functioning with a thoroughness and ferocity unparalleled even in China, where boycotts long ago achieved a perfection undreamed of elsewhere. It is worth remembering that the great anti-Japanese boycott of 1928, following Japan's occupation of Shantung and the bombardment of Tsi-nin, eventually produced a large amount of economic distress in Japan, and had a considerable part in bringing about the dismissal of the Japanese arch-militarist, Baron Tanaka, and the downfall of the Seiyukai party. The present government, ironically enough, came to power on a platform of peace and increased trade with China.

The present situation is admittedly critical. M. Briand, as temporary head of the Council, can be trusted to act with great adroitness and in his hands the League's peace machinery becomes infinitely flexible and accommodating. The principal danger is the likelihood of a fresh display of force in Manchuria by the Japanese army, which would make some sort of decisive action by the League almost inevitable. If this can be avoided, however, the prospect for a compromise acceptable both to the Council and to Japan would seem to be at least moderately bright. If war is avoided, and through the moral force of the League's intervention an easing of the situation is achieved which has at least temporary stability, the prestige of the international organization to maintain peace will be immensely strengthened. It will have succeeded in a situation which veritably bristled with all the difficulties which usually precede war. It will have done so in a case where justice was tangled, where popular emotions were profoundly stirred, and in which a first-class Power was involved. Moreover, the League and the United States will have done together what neither could have done alone. Their interdependence will have been proved in action and established as historical precedent. This result may, in the end, immensely overshadow the crisis which called it forth. In the immediate future, it may help to provide that confidence in the maintenance of peace which in Europe is the chief political requirement for the task of economic recovery.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

*EDITORS*

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

*CONTRIBUTING EDITORS*

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The War Theory of Crime Control

WE ONLY think we are living, have but the illusion that we are living, under the form of criminal justice taught to every school child and clearly laid down in the Constitution. The departures from that form are such as to nullify it in very large part and in every major essential. This nullification has affected the courts, but it occurs predominatingly before the trial stage is ever reached. It occurs in the well hidden series of experiences through which arrested persons commonly pass before they come within the purview of any court. This is the domain of the police, and the police are responsible for this nullification. Might it not be that a mistaken idea of law enforcement is itself a main cause of violent crime?

Briefly to recount: Individuals who are constitutionally guaranteed against violence are beaten, clubbed, slugged or shot by officers of the law, either upon arrest or without even the pretext of arrest. Persons considered guilty of crime only in the arbitrary judgment of constables are subjected to equally arbitrary punishment, and that often of the "cruel and unusual" sort forbidden by law. Persons entitled to liberty are deprived of that liberty, with fantastic frequency, by false and unreasonable arrest. Arrested persons are further subjected to unlawful periods of incommunicado imprisonment in police jails, either, again, as punishment for assumed offenses, or while inquiry is being made as to their possible guilt; that such guilt often does not exist is shown by the extremely high percentage of releases without formal accusation of crime. The inquiry itself quite commonly takes the form of making a lawlessly captured person incriminate himself. At times, the ordeal may reach the condition of actual torture. Finally, both to conceal the previous unlawful treatment and to decide and sway the action of the courts of law, police commit positive or negative perjury.

There are, of course, numerous arrested persons who undergo none of these abuses. Moreover, there are local variations. Still, the condition in the large is national. We have direct-action outlawry, in the stead of lawful protection against crime, in city after city and on a national scale.

Coincidently, there is the national spectacle of grave failure to curb crime, and an increase in crime, especially in violent crime. This spectacle has caused many Americans to leap to the conclusion that our libertarian guarantees have failed in operation. The fact is that they have not been operating. They might succeed if given the chance —we do not know. In cities where our lawful institutions operate strictly and well, crime is better curbed than elsewhere. But let us not overstate our thesis: there are several reasons why crime is lower in Boston and Milwaukee, higher in New York and Chicago, other than the relative lawfulness of police work in Boston and Milwaukee and its relative lawlessness in Chicago and New York. But lawless police work must certainly be included among the several causes of crime. It permits the delinquent classes to understand that our institutions are hypocritical, that there is no real law or real justice in the land, that nothing is fixed or sure about American justice or its application in practice. It sets them the highly influential example of government itself indulging in a brutality and lawbreaking akin to their own. It breeds vengeful reprisal against the police, the law and society itself.

How high a place among the causes of crime unlawful police work must be given is, of course, debatable. Attorney General Mitchell has said: "Nothing has a greater capacity to beget lawlessness than lawless methods of law enforcement." But he was speaking for an audience of law enforcers. There are greater causes of crime: economic causes, educational causes, causes rooted in the sumptuary laws and in the social heredity of immigrant groups. It is a common fallacy to overestimate, and greatly, the power of mere police work to put down crime. So it would be easy to overestimate the capacity of lawless and brutal police work to engender crime. But the latter result may be much more easily obtained than the former. It is probably infinitely easier for police to brutalize their victims, and antagonize them against society, than to reform them. Police work at best is a negative thing. At best, the mere deterrent through fear of punishment and through punishment itself is probably the least fruitful of all influences that may be brought to bear upon the problem of reducing crime. The wisest regime of arrest, conviction and punishment—in short, of overpowering the criminal—is quite as apt to give the overpowered individual the sulky resentment that confirms the criminal tendency as it is to inculcate in him the permanent submission and genuine acceptance of society's authority upon which the theory of criminal justice relies. Force itself, even the restrained and well judged force prescribed by law, is probably the poorest weapon in the arsenal of criminology. And when the force becomes unfair, brutal and of such a nature that resentment against it seems justified, the weapon of force can do infinite harm. It has done infinite harm. Its restraint within the legal limits becomes, then, an essential of society's safety. We must stop making bad men worse, making hard men harder, making brutal men more brutal, by the brutalizing treatment of our agents of the law.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is by this course of thought that one is enabled to take the constitutional guarantees as the norm from which our police should not depart. The constitutional system places the proper limits upon force, to prevent it from becoming an impulse toward crime. These standards are not honored, though they are the law and should thereby be the guide of our police. And yet they are sound criminology. This is the truth most generally overlooked. What the diseased American criminal situation most greatly needs is a dose of old-fashioned American constitutionality. And it can only be administered through lawful police work.

Let us try to analyze, then, the reasons for the widespread departure of the police from those lawful and wise standards. What we have to trace is the establishment and growth of a school or plane of thought in police work. A writer has called it the "police complex." The phrase at least suggests something true: that, while there are certain logical reasons advanced in justification of lawless practices in law enforcement, the plane of thought itself is in the realm of the unconscious, and the phenomenon is less logical than psychological. The logical arguments have the color of rationalizations of the underlying proclivity. They may first be considered:

All arguments openly stated in behalf of unlawful police work come down in the end to the phrase: "This is war." There is the essence of the attitude of the constabulary. The criminal is the enemy; he is to be defeated by being quelled. Being the enemy, he has no rights worthy of the name. He is to be met by the weapons of war. Individual rights, including those of noncombatants, are subject to invasion like the rights of noncombatants in wartime. The policeman is a peacetime soldier. If bullets go astray, if civilians are inconvenienced, if civil rights are suspended, those are accidents inherent in a warfare that is waged in crowded cities. Criminologists of the humanitarian class are to be scorned, because they are the pacifists in this war. Defense attorneys are to be frustrated and outwitted because they are the enemy's diplomatic corps. Citizens who would make objection to the excess of authority indulged in for the protection of the public are giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If the Constitution forbids internal war, then the Constitution is technical and pettifogging, and for its own good it must be protected against itself. Its makers in any case could not have foreseen the pass to which this war has come. The law of war is the law of necessity.

I could pile up quotations from police officials, and from the memoirs of retired policemen, expressing this philosophy in all its implications. One, which I have not seen expressed, is intrinsic in the theory. The concealment of atrocities and near-atrocities—the secrecy of the third degree and its protection by perjury, for example—in the light of this attitude becomes a much less despicable thing than it seems. The hiding of ugly facts which the public "might not understand" comes under the heading of war propaganda. There is a huge amount of positive propaganda, too, flowing out from police headquarters in favor of this theory of vigilantism, of war. It is under its influence that the public has so largely consented to the relinquishment of its fundamental American rights.

Now, there is enough superficial appearance of war about the worst of modern crime—the sort that is publicized—to demand the facing of this argument. There is no question that, in advancing it, the police are entirely sincere. Some of them have proved it with their lives. The war theory finds its justification in the animal-like ferocity of some modern criminals. Prohibition and its resultant rackets have bred something hitherto unheard of in well financed, well organized terrorism. Police officials with whom I have discussed this matter say: "You wouldn't take the position that my men ought not to shoot a dangerous gangster on sight, law or no law?" This argument-by-exceptions is devastating, in controversy, and of course misrepresentative of the general condition, for it is not the Capones or the "Legs" Diamonds who are visited with brutal abuse. Powerful gangsters are treated quite lawfully, and their hirelings often handled with kid gloves. The *argumentum ad hominem* also is used: "You've never stood in a dark alley with bullets whizzing past your ear—" etc. True; one's view is rather directed to the libertarian institutions which are jeopardized under pressure of violent crime and lawless enforcement.

For the notorious fact of the situation is that the police do not apply their war theory to the classes of criminals which they use, in argument, to justify that theory. There are several levels of crime. Not one instance of police lawlessness in a thousand shows that lawlessness visited upon a spectacular criminal. It is visited upon individual ex-prisoners, lone workers in routine crime. It is visited upon the youthful imitation gangsters, the boys of eighteen and nineteen who—numerously of late—set out blunderingly to be "bad." It is visited, in exceedingly numerous instances, upon mere indigents and morons and vagrants and unemployed men and migratories and drug addicts and immigrants and illiterates, an appallingly numerous class in this country, cases for the hospitals and the social agencies and the educational system and the employment bureaus, but regarded everywhere by the police as their prey. And it is in its social effect upon the majority that the war theory refutes itself. By persistent effort, given social and economic rearrangements, these medium and youthful and petty offenders might be subject to salvage. Police lawlessness sends them over the edge.

So we are asked to suspend our institutions because of the gangster, while the gangster goes free and the wreckage of our economic system is harassed into criminality. But the deeper fallacy is the one already indicated. Brutality, in the name of law or otherwise, is the poorest medicine for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crime. The policeman sees before his eyes the symptom only, never the real disease. He sees the robbery, the murder, the auto theft, and tells himself: "This is crime." Such things are only acts of crime. The policeman goes into danger, risks his life, arrests, beats and convicts an offender, and believes he has done away with a fraction of the public danger. But the scratched tissue is replaced with strange vitality. Were the police given wartime powers to put every law-breaker in the nation into jail, there would be a brief period of quiet, after which the job would have to be done all over again. Economic, social and educational rearrangements are needed; our reliance on constabulary work as the cure-all blocks these readjustments on the one hand and gives the policeman an inflation of authority on the other. The reliance upon vigilantism, flowering in the war theory of crime control, is the extreme form of this fallacy. Crime is not war, and wartime methods do not meet it and do not apply. Crime is more nearly akin to a disease in the blood; and lawless law enforcement is an attempt to drive it back by hammering the external sores. Blackjack and rubber hose inflame the symptoms and leave the disease unchecked.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

# The Enchanted Forest

ONCE ENGAGED in those trails that climb and drop as well as wind in every direction, you cannot see down—the trees are so high—even from the mountainside into the valley.

The great pines that you pass at midlength seem to rise from the depths of the canyon and reach the heights of the mountain-walls. Aspens, incredibly long, mingle with the cigarbox-red of the pines or make ivory-white groves on the slopes of green mythological valleys. When you see them close, they look like creamy flesh: the straight smooth trunks of enormous white elephants or the legs and throats of white antelopes. Some are blazed with the bold lettering of Spanish names: Martinezes, Romeros, Bacas—a bungled heart, an open hand; some that seem to be planted in ashes are flecked about the base with gray characters that look like Armenian or Sanskrit, the records of some prehistoric tongue. Or trunks themselves become sentient tree-beings, budded irregularly with protruding black nipples and aware through unpaired unfocused eyes from whose pupils branches sometimes sprout and whose expression we never can fathom—laughter, gentleness, surprise or affright?—of some old non-human life of the forest which, passing through it, we never know. Or in the late light of afternoon, they are simply a cool iron white, or after rain a greenish-yellowish like glazed kid. Or the long white trunks are made black high aloft where they rise against the white clouds; or they grow dim, dense and fine like grass, so that when they are blurred below by blue-spruces, they seem a whitish mist in the air—or where the forest drops away into a hollow, an exhalation of vapor. The little branches of their fallen limbs twist as light as the crooked yellow ash that pours out of the pills of Fourth of July "snakes." But the pines stretch like gigantic picked fish-spines, like bare-ribbed cow-carcases, like giant centipedes grown rigid in petrifaction. Some, decayed to a red woody powder, are obliterating themselves in the mold.

Or, riding down into one of the high vivid bottoms, soft and greased with green like the palm of the canyon's hand, where the long skull of a steer lies white, you gallop through New Mexico sunflowers that, orange, wild, with disheveled petals, are gold-rusting the wide sudden green. A log-house with vacant door, abandoned—a red cow with her head out of the window. And high up, straight up, when you have climbed, the shorter green grass of the hill-brow is red-rusted with the tiny hair-hung vermilion bells of the beard-tongue, where tiny humming-birds, tobacco-leaf brown, necks metallic coppery red, swoop past your ear with a whir so loud that you can mistake it for the motor of an airplane or the roar of a distant bull, and speed away as if snapped on elastics across a green abyss. A hobbled sorrel horse limps and tinkles on the opposite hillside above a screen of aspen-stems, smooth and flat like white brush-strokes on a canvas. And far above you can look away to higher uplands—rounded, sunlit, celestial pastures, where little roundish white clouds in the sunlit blue seem almost coming to poise on the grass. But behind you, you see a dark cover sliding over the bowl of the hills, about to unburden rain. Yet in a few moments in the queer variable weather, the gray cover has withdrawn: the sun has suddenly grown too hot, strains the sight—when a quick breeze chills you a little—then the dark clouds are shoving toward you from a new quarter—but no brightness again, no more breeze—you go home in late quiet light. The aspen trunks are gray now in the shadow of the forest: as one travels in mid-air along the trail, where the mountain shuts away the sun, they fall past you like some mute unearthly downpour of round gray rods of enormous rain.

Or on another day, a different trail, as the forest grows darker and cooler, you can look up the long nude stalks toward the rustling that stirs above and see the tree-tips abruptly bright, their little leaves distinct, fine, always itching, against a sun white and clean like the aspens—with which, as it sets over the dark ridge of the next mountain, you seem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be riding on the same level. An invisible bull loudly bellows—another prolongs a stronger brassier blast. Cooler and darker. A high-up bird-note is a frail vibration of the ringing of a shaken sheet of silver which balances against the towering tree-trunks with the same strange kind of disproportion that makes the little blue and mauve and yellow and white and purple and maroon and red stars and clusters and tufts and bells—and even the larger half-liquid yellow primroses with their tails of Prince Rupert's drops, the white flimsy blossoms of the mallow looking perishable where they grow in the moister ground—seem designed on a different scale from the vast canyon, feathered dark with spruce-peaks, that yawns like the trough of a wave.

Darker and cooler in the forest still. Then sudden sunlight—green return of afternoon—where the trail crosses a clear way to the west. And then surprisingly a bright felicity of morning hovering in the tops of the trees—remote hills, faint, exquisite, iridescent—pink and yellow and blue and pale green, like the colors of some tropical fish seen under water—with above them the faint blue of a sky and clouds stained with the yellow of the desert. And as you rip through pink pea-blossoms of thorny locust, those yellowish clouds—above the brown and pink tree-trunks, the pink of the clay of the trail—themselves turn a hardish clay-pink—till at last, a long flat queer formation lying above pink green-brushed perforated cliffs, they solidify into something more rocky than the real mountains with their soft colors seemed when you first saw them a moment ago.

Or you come out into a marvelous wide green valley which the great mountains lift up into the sky. When you look down into it from high up on the hillside where the pine-forests begin, you see the flocks of sheep below like the clumps of mushrooms which your horse's foot has broken and the cattle in clusters of specks like the bedbugs which, getting up during the night, you found in the hollow you had left in your Mexican entertainer's bed. The clouds seem painted in white on the sides of a blue clay jar: they are hard, neither cottonlike nor smokelike. Their shadows, however large, are swallowed up in the enormous basin as slowly moving oblong blots. Far below you see a figure on the hillside: you go down toward it and it turns out to be an old Mexican with two little gray burros. The burros are laden with wooden casks, and the old man is very patiently filling one of them with a tin cup at a spring that gushes out from under a boulder and runs down to where it reaches the red cattle in the velvety plain below.

At evening in those high bowls of the mountains, the sun has dropped down out of our sight long before it has set. To the east you see the upper pinewoods rusted gilt along a clearly cut-off section and to the west the soft light gilded gray clouds in the soft thinning light blue of day—with only such a narrow layer of the lower liquid gold and white as reminds you of the furnaces of summer blazing over the lowlands and the ocean, so many trails to climb, so many roads to travel, below. Up here the clouds are now smoke-blue—or rather the color of the pale wasps'-nest biscuits which the Indians make out of layers of blue cornmeal—the eruptions of the sunken sun reach them only as a light dipping of red-gold.

Or heavy draperies hang the west with a strange brilliant grape-juice purple, then quickly turn deepest black—while the round moon of congealed solid brightness rises free out of the rough pine-notches of the ridge. The moon goes behind a bank of clouds and makes them seem to be whitely luminous—all about them the sky shows blue, with the stars bright and in that blue night-heaven beautiful and queer—to the west the high-up meadows of the mountains, high as the moon itself, show mother-of-pearl. You can hear the little river Jemez hurrying through the valley like a person, and when you come up to it you can see it live and quivering like all the watercourses that give that giant landscape its surprising volatile spirit—running where the bed widens, crawling over the cluttering stones—on its way to the sterile plateau.

That great valley—five miles by nine, where 55,000 head of cattle graze—was once a crater, which, millions of years ago, boiled over and smothered the surrounding country in lava and ashes. Whatever living things had been there were extinguished and life had to begin again.

A race of people came from nobody knows where and wandered scattered at first among the mesas and the mountains, building themselves little huts of brush. Then they dug houses in the ground and roofed them over. Then they found it more practical to live together. The ash-deposit had turned to tufa, as porous as a sponge, and the people moved into the holes. They built houses of mud, piñon-beams and stones in terraces up the sides of the cliffs and farmed the land along the little streams at the bottoms of the canyons. The houses were community houses and everybody had the same kind of quarters. They all worked, except the high-priest, who was given leisure for higher things—and they all ate the same kind of food. Nobody could inherit rank or position, and nobody could claim exemption. There were no orphans and no poor—no old maids and no prostitutes.

Today you ride along the spine of a mesa, with deep canyons on either side into which you can never see—till suddenly you find yourself at the edge of an immense gash between reddish cliffs. You look away down at little roofs among trees as if to the bottom of a deep lake. You follow a trail that zigzags back and forth along the sheer wall and there on the opposite side you see the little ovenlike rooms of the cliff-dwellers. They run far back along the canyon and a good way up the side of the cliff. There must have been hundreds of people living in them once.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The walls have been painted red; the ceilings are blackened with smoke. Above the entrances, crude pictures are scratched: the plumed serpent that figured the lightning, the concentric circles that symbolized the sun. There are big round holy places dug in the ground, and so high up the side of the cliff that you have to reach it by a system of ladders, a sacrificial cave, which itself contains a round excavation. These sacred cellars were survivals from the time when they had all lived in dugouts in the earth. They had a cult of the earth, liked to feel sure of sticking close to it. The very sunken sanctuaries had holes in the floors which went further down still. They thought that mankind had once all lived underground.

In the caves there are only the metates left—the big stones on which they ground their meal. The bones and implements and pieces of pottery have all been taken away to museums. But in one of the largest caves, which you climb up into by steps in the rock, you find a Borden's condensed-milk can, a red pasteboard Supreme Biscuit package, a glass peanut-butter jar and a hatbox which says: "Aux Modes de Paris."

And you find also the dead or dying settlements of the later civilization.

Down at the bottom of Bellamy canyon, under the perforated cliffs, there are only eight people left in a town which had once six hundred. During the nineties, there was a big gold boom in Bellamy; but apparently the mines didn't pay. People say that the company that worked them must have put as much as a million and a half into Bellamy and couldn't have gotten more than half a million out. Finally they closed down altogether. For one thing, they had been using a cyanide process and draining the cyanide into the creek: cattle had drunk the water and died, and the ranchers had objected. But the company couldn't afford to install a different kind of process. So today there is thousands of dollars' worth of equipment standing useless in Bellamy canyon: great rusted leaching-tanks, a power plant that burns wood and is obsolete, a trestle across the gully, a weighing-platform, stove in, and toppled-over scales.

The houses left are mostly raw-timber shacks. Inside you see tin cans and papers thrown on the floor when the people moved out, a copy of "The Angelus" left on the wall. Some have been taken apart for their boards. One has keeled over backwards on the ground so that it looks like the mask of a house; another is a roofless stone shell with the grass growing inside; others are cellars bushed with purple mint.

There are only three decent-looking places in Bellamy: the postmaster's house, the hotel and a house belonging to the company, which is closed up and the shades pulled down. The postmaster is a stout, lethargic man from Michigan, who used to be a forest-ranger, but is now able to draw a pension as a result of having hurt his back in the service. People say that he is just lazy, that his wife does all the work at the post office, that he sometimes forgets his injury and lifts up heavy boxes or takes part in local dances, and that he has never told a straight story as to whether it was a bucking horse or falling out of a tree that did it. He has an almost complete collection of the government's ethnological reports and a considerable library of scientific sex books. One of his favorite pastimes is reading book catalogues and his principal ambition is to compile an index of literature about the Indians. At one time he was custodian of the cliff-dwellings and tried to restore some of the talus-houses, but the archeologists stopped him.

He is philosophical. He loves New Mexico and hated the raw gray Michigan winters, where, he remembers, if there happened to be just one bright day, everybody was crazy with joy. And modern Detroit is a terrible place—if you think there are other things in life besides just working yourself to death and making money. He is not a Socialist, he tells you as he sits musing with his feet up on the rail—but he thinks there is something wrong with a country where there are six million men out of work. He doesn't think people ought to be made to work, but he thinks they ought to have a chance to work if they want to.

The old hotel, a narrow box of raw red pine-planks, has lately been opened rather for a home than as a business enterprise by a little wiry man with round bone spectacles who used to run a curio shop in Carlsbad. But there are fewer tourists since the depression, and keeping accounts was too much for him anyway: it used to worry him so that his wife thought it just wasn't worth while to have him so nervous all the time. So he bought the Bellamy hotel and brought his family to the mountains, and they have been much happier up here.

Next to the hotel is a pit full of junk. This used to be the main saloon, and for years it stood there just as it had been, with a roulette table and a bar with empty bottles. But somebody carried the roulette table away and then the building was wrecked for its timber. A rusty tinny-looking safe is lying on its side in the pit and there are rusty rosette-shaped iron cuspidors among yellow-flowering weeds. The brother-in-law of the man at the hotel believes that he can sell these spittoons to Fred Harvey for $25 apiece. Fred Harvey is the man who has provided the luxury buses, the smart modern hotels and the picturesque Spanish railroad stations to introduce tourists to the romance of the old West.

There are also two old prospectors left in Bellamy. The postmaster says they are the best ones he has ever seen—because most of the old miners in the ghost-towns are plumb nutty.

Art and Ed have been living in Bellamy for thirty-seven years and have seen the whole rise and decline of the town. Art is tall and lean and wears spectacles and a short pointed beard on a receding chin. He was born in Brooklyn and his father was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a prominent attorney in the early days in Santa Fé. People say that it's a shame that a man of Art's brains and education should hang around a place like Bellamy. You couldn't find a greater student of the dictionary anywhere than Art is. He has Funk and Wagnall's Unabridged and he is always disputing with you over the meaning of a word.

Art has a sharp shrewd eye, but the gray gaze of Ed, his partner, is limpid and mild. Ed is shorter and chunkier than Art. He has a ranch beyond the canyon and used to live there part of the time—but he lost so many cattle that he quit ranching: it was the Mexicans that stole them, but he never knew it. Now he spends all his time in Bellamy. He sits all day in his little one-room shack, reading and smoking a pipe and spitting into a spittoon beside his chair. The spittoon contains innumerable used matches. Ed's bedclothes are extremely dirty, but he always wears a clean, freshly ironed shirt. He has the traditional immobile visage and laconic impassive speech of the prospector, which contrasts with Art's Eastern edge. Ed comes from the Middle West. One thing he will never talk about is his early life and his family, and people think that he hasn't any relations.

Art and Ed have a good time together. They sit and kid each other for hours about the defects of each other's phonographs and watches. Their watches never agree. Art will say to Ed: "That snort you took at Peña Blanca must have speeded up your time!" Periodically they get drunk together and their toots last a week or more. They sit and drink and play their phonographs for days on end. They bought a Ford together some years ago, but use it so little that it still looks like new. Once when they were off on a spree, they drove all the way to Peña Blanca in first. A sheep-herder, who saw them, got on the running-board and showed them how to shift into high; but when he got off, they put it back in low again.

Ed is seventy-seven and Art not much younger. The postmaster never gets over his amazement at Ed's wonderful constitution. "There's a man," he will say, "who defies every rule of health—you'd think he would have been dead long ago, but he seems to thrive on it! He drinks—he don't eat anything but ham and eggs—in the winter, he shuts himself up in that house so he doesn't get a breath of air! He violates all the rules of hygiene. There isn't a tooth in his head that a dentist wouldn't say ought to be extracted—they're all worn down to the gums!" The postmaster's own teeth give him a good deal of worry and distress.

Art and Ed still have their claims and they still assume that the company will come back and work the mines again. The real reason for the company's withdrawal remains more or less mysterious at Bellamy. The last manager got sorosis of the liver—"hobnails, we used to call it—from drinkin'," says Ed with scorn—and went out to Los Angeles for his health. There's plenty of gold and silver there—Art and Ed know that—there's gold lyin' uncovered up the canyon.

And there is still gold-dust in the air at Bellamy. Even the man who has bought the hotel and the postmaster are, like Art and Ed, not men who have retired, but men who are engaged in a speculation. An inquiry about the value of land or buildings gives us a glimpse at once of the visions which are shimmering inside their heads.

Ed says confidently that the only thing for Bellamy is for somebody like Rockefeller or Phelps-Dodge to take it over.

Not far from Bellamy canyon, the lumber mill has closed down. But Pete Ferguson, who owns it, is keeping his crew on. He hopes to be able to start up again and he doesn't want them to get any I. W. W. ideas. In Albuquerque there's fifty out of work for one that's got a job and people are goin' around wantin' to shoot somebody—they don't know who, but they want to kill somebody. Pete thinks that the government could be improved, but he wouldn't want to see things changed like the Bolsheviks. He has liberal ideas, however: he figures there'll be a third man at the next election. Everybody knew Hoover was a ——: that came out during the War; but there was nobody else to vote for (Al Smith never really existed for the West). Pete thinks that the crew might better stay in the camp than be goin' out and gettin' in trouble—dabblin' in bootleg whiskey or stealin' somebody's milk-cow.

Pete claims to be feeding nearly 400 people. He has the reputation of being a great blow-hard. People say that if he had done all the things he says he has, he would be a hundred and fifty years old. He likes to pose as a big lumberman, but his mill has never been much of a success. He has a tough, cunning face, with no integration of character or purpose, but a defiant stare. He likes to pose as a paternalistic employer: unlike the bigger employers, he has to live among his men and can't leave everything to the superintendent. He knows that the lumber camp is dull: the mountains are all right for a while, but they get monotonous—"lots of people come out here to build up their health, but we have our health when we come." So he gives dances every Saturday night in a room over the commissary—and the price of the refreshments and the fiddler is taken out of the employees' pay.

The employees, who live in little unpainted crates, are always in debt to the commissary. When they have used up whatever money they have brought with them trading at the nearest town, they always find out that Pete can't pay them their first wages because he hasn't got cash on hand. He will give them credit at the commissary. The commissary has a tentacle of credit glued to every family in the camp.

The highest social position among the employees at the mill is occupied by the trucker and his wife. Fred Casey has only been here a month: he used

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be a trucking-contractor in the oil-fields, but there is nothing doing in the oil-fields now and he has had to take a humbler job. This is the first time that he and his wife have ever lived in a house that wasn't modern. Fred Casey is very proud of his wife: she plays the piano like a professional and his sister-in-law is a professional violinist, who plays over the radio. Fred is very proud of her, too. They have brought the piano and the music with them—though there is hardly room in the little one-room house, where Fred and his wife sleep in the same bed with the two children.

Pete treats Fred like an equal, takes him into his confidence and gets him to coöperate with him. Fred dresses markedly better than the crew—he blows himself to beer on Saturday nights, and gets hearty and watery-eyed. He gets high-hat and speaks with scorn of the Mexicans as inherently the social inferiors of the "Americans"—except when the former are having a dance themselves and Pete has sent Fred and his family to represent the mill so that the Mexicans won't be sore at nobody else's going.

Fred talks a great deal and he has told everybody how well he is doing—he says he is making $90 a week. But people remember what happened to the truckers before Fred. A man and his son, who had worked for Pete till they had earned about $1,000, found that all they were able to collect was $75. They found that they were in debt to the store for all kinds of unexpected items, from new overalls at $2 apiece to trucking equipment which they had never used or heard of. And Fred hasn't seen his commissary bill yet.

The white people in the Jemez mountains have reached a stage similar to that at which the Indians decided to come up out of the separate holes in which they had been living in the ground and combine in a larger, safer, lighter, better ventilated society. The railroads and ship lines, the telephones and telegraphs, have made the whole country more interdependent than the first nomadic Indians were, pitching their shelters within a few square miles of forest. And the West is no longer a place to which the enterprising individual can escape to find riches and independence. Lumber, mining and cattle-grazing all fail the private adventurer today. All are controlled by remote combinations, and the combinations themselves, privately run, have now arrived at an impasse. The very beauty and wonder of the forest would unquestionably long ago have been made into planks by the sausage-machine of Pete Ferguson's sawmill, if Roosevelt by an act of socialism had not shut it off as a national preserve; the very record of the past it contains might have been destroyed if Woodrow Wilson by another act of socialism had not found money to have it guarded.

As for the Indians, their small communal cities have survived the centuries of pressure from alien races. They are narrow, unbusinesslike, incurious, illiterate, unhygienic, unscientific; but as one old-timer of the Rio Grande says from long experience with both Indians and whites: "The Indian's religion and government are the same thing and they fit him like a glove—whereas our laws don't fit us anywhere—nor our religion either!"

EDMUND WILSON.

# Amalgamated Unionism

## *The Third Article in the Series, "Fifty Years of American Labor"*

IF THE disintegrating forces at work among the business-minded trade unions are seen most clearly in the case of the United Mine Workers of America, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers fairly well reflects the other side of the picture. This organization has come to be regarded as the most progressive unit among post-war trade unions.[1]

The record and the program of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are well worth studying. The union has had the wisdom to subordinate immediate motives to the ultimate aims of solidifying the organization and building up the movement. Realistic, even to the extent of taking a cue at times from capitalism, the union has sought not to lose sight of the objectives of the labor movement as a whole while trying to cope with its own daily tasks. Indeed, the Amalgamated of 1931 may be said to have declined in stature, in certain respects, since 1922; but then the labor movement as a whole is only a shadow of what it was ten years ago. If it continues to decline as rapidly as it has in recent years, only a miracle will save it from turning into a mere racket. The Amalgamated, at any rate, is distinguished for its well rounded, activist labor leadership, and for the far-sighted way in which it has reached out for real industrial power in its own field. Instead of remaining passive and tradition-bound, like the dominant union groups, its policies have been dynamic; it has shown a sense of social and economic realities.

The men's-clothing-workers' organization has stood out in the public eye as one of the most successful trade unions in the country during the

[1] The writer, because of his professional connection with the Amalgamated, may be subject to the charge of personal bias. The attempt has been made to confine this review to facts which are well established.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post-war period. This impression is basically correct, even if allowance is made for effectively conducted publicity which the Amalgamated has rightly considered an important part of its work. The union, of course, has not achieved the millennium for its members, nor has it been able to stave off the present depression in the clothing industry. Nor is it suggested here that the national administration has not committed errors or that all local divisions have entirely escaped the major evil of American union mismanagement. The union itself would make no such claims to perfection. But its leaders could point with right to the fact that the union has remained alive and powerful. It has achieved a steady and effective organization of its "jurisdiction," but at no time has it ceased to experiment with new weapons of advance. Its pragmatic and experimental activity has brought results, and if there may be said to be an Amalgamated "formula of success," it is based on three essential propositions: first, that organizing work must be carried on unremittingly, as a task that is never completed; second, that industrial competence and social influence, in the widest sense, must be developed, as well as the mere capacity for collective bargaining; third, that labor leadership is a creative service having the broadest ends in view, rather than a professional engagement.

These principles are the truisms of labor theory, but they have been overlooked by the majority of opportunist unions. The A. C. W. A. has brought to the labor scene a spirit devoted to power accumulation for labor. Guided by the power motive, it has avoided the destructive partisanship of the Communists and the stagnant inactivism of the Socialists, despite the distinctly socialist bias and radical background of many of its leaders. Using the criterion of power, it has measured economic objectives, industrial adjustments and political developments within and without the labor movement in a realistic manner. It has hardened itself against emotionalism or hysteria.

Among the outstanding achievements of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' organization which are known to the public and may be listed here, are:

1. The working system of collective bargaining, using the so-called impartial machinery for the adjustment of disputes.
2. The union's activist attitude toward the problem of production and its policy of coöperation with employers for the success of the respective business enterprises.
3. The system of unemployment insurance established in Chicago, Rochester and New York, involving employment exchanges, the practice of equal division of work in times of distress, and that of a "dismissal wage" to workers in case of displacement due to technological changes.
4. The coöperative ventures of the union, which include two banks, a number of credit unions and investment organizations and the development of several coöperative housing enterprises in New York City —all steadily expanding in size and in the number of services they are assuming.
5. The operation by the union of a clothing factory in Milwaukee.

The reputation of the A. C. W. A. rests very largely upon a record of lasting agreements with the manufacturers of men's clothing. Yet the union has waged, in proportion to its membership, a greater number of "bigger and better strikes" than any other militant union in the field. This applies to the years since the consolidation of the industry in 1919 as well as to the early years of the organization. The strikes and drives have been nearly evenly divided between organizing campaigns in nonunion areas, and "punitive expeditions" against "runaways" or "union-tired" manufacturers. Where the policy of traditional unionism has been in fact, if not intentionally, such as to make union recognition costly to the employer who is willing to grant it, the newer union policy has sought to make "open shopping" inconvenient, troublesome, financially unsound. This has necessitated the carrying on of many strikes and of incessant organizing activity.

Once this pragmatic policy was squarely placed before the tailors and understood by them, the Amalgamated had no difficulty in inducing them to support, out of their limited earnings, many national and international movements. Thus, 25,000 Chicago clothing workers contributed $600,000 to locked-out tailors in New York City, who in turn spent $2,500,000 to turn a lockout into a union agreement. Clothing workers in New York, Chicago and Rochester cheerfully contributed $500,000 to finance an organizing drive in Philadelphia in order to establish a unionized market where for years open shoppers enjoyed happy hunting grounds. They contributed about one million dollars over a period of several years to such "far-fetched" causes as the steel and textile strikes in the United States, the miners' strike in Great Britain, the rehabilitation of the clothing workers' union in Germany, the feeding of famine-stricken workers in Soviet Russia. Had the other unions in the A. F. of L. felt so keenly and generously about their organizing duties and interests, the drives to organize textile labor in the South would not have been crushed. Had employers everywhere not been led to believe, through so many demonstrations of weakness and narrowness, that labor solidarity was nonexistent, unionism in American industry would not have fallen to its present low estate.

The orientation toward power dominates all Amalgamated activities. Coöperative housing is undertaken but partly with the objective of making the workers' dollar go a step farther. Indeed, it would take the union a decade to build enough homes to accommodate one-tenth of its member-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship in New York City. But such ventures have had a profound importance, from the point of view of the union, as demonstrations of practical success in fields usually exploited only by capital. If the strain that the launching of banks, credit union and investment services imposes upon the limited resources of union leadership is weighed against the direct services rendered to that part of the membership which is interested in the financial ventures, the activity may appear to be rather a luxury. But it would be difficult to overestimate the standing, the prestige and the added power in its industry that the union has gained as a result of these successful enterprises. By using the power of its financial institutions, within the strict limits of banking supervision, the union has been able to stave off the breakdown of many a business enterprise caught in the net of temporary difficulties, but otherwise solvent. The union has thus saved jobs for thousands of union workers. It made reluctant union employers think hard before they decided they were "through with the union," and perhaps many never arrived at that decision because they realized the grave risk of fighting a well entrenched and financially powerful organization. The use of labor banking as a labor-organization device and subordinated to the task of building up union power rather than profits on the union's dollars, has also worked for safety. The banks could have made more money through a less conservative financial policy, but the union would have been the loser. The hope for still greater power in the long run checked labor's business ambitions during the inflation period. Drastic contraction and collapse were avoided when the break came.

The operation of a union-owned clothing factory in Milwaukee presents another phase of the union's orientation toward power. Originally launched in 1928 as a retaliatory measure in the vicious fight which a formerly unionized manufacturer in that city was waging against the Amalgamated, the business has developed into a union institution of importance. The employer was finally obliged to liquidate, but the union has kept its plant going. The union is not in business for profit, nor is it out to conquer the clothing industry by making the Milwaukee shop a starting point, but this venture has demonstrated how labor may carry on a business for which the employers are supposed to have been especially endowed by the Creator.

The attitude of the Amalgamated toward the problem of the machine has been guided by a sense of realism rather than by the prescriptions of by-laws or the thought habits of the membership. Since labor-saving devices and men-displacing machines cannot be successfully opposed over any length of time, the union has deemed it necessary to achieve a compromise: it has conceded the right of industry to introduce technological innovations, if production is thereby made cheaper and the product is made more accessible to the consumer, provided the industry assumes the obligation to carry the displaced worker on its pay roll and at work. The theory of the arrangement is that if rationalization is supposed to mean elimination of waste, it is also supposed to lead toward mass production and hence toward more work. In actual practice the arrangement has served as an assurance against overindulgence in introducing new labor-displacing machines. The considerable turnover in the clothing factories, due to the high percentage of young women at work, has helped in carrying out this policy. And if manufacturers finally find themselves with a surplus of workers attached to their plants, "dismissal wage" is resorted to. In some cases the amount paid to a dismissed worker has been as high as $500. It has been lower in most cases, but at all times something substantially better than plain discharge has been coming the way of the displaced worker.

The union has made itself industrially powerful instead of depending upon the diminishing negotiating value of trade skill. Industrial power implies thorough knowledge of market conditions and the financial end of the business as well as the technique of work on the bench. The union has harnessed the collective intelligence of the group to face a mechanized situation in which the individual is becoming ever less significant. Not only the union itself, but manufacturing concerns, too, have found it profitable to use the union's knowledge of the business in hours of distress. The Amalgamated has been able to advise reduction of labor costs without affecting labor earnings, to suggest overhead savings, elimination of waste and improved manufacturing policies. Industrial competence has thus served the ends of organization. The so-called "X-Construction Plan," in operation in certain factories of a very important company in Chicago, represents another phase of the union's ingenuity. Under the "X-Construction Plan" the union has assumed practically full responsibility for the major part of the production of clothing. The practice of union-management coöperation under the A. C. W. A. is based on a balance of power, not on sentiment and appeal to fair play, though such words are probably used on formal occasions.

Amalgamated agreements with employers are give-and-take arrangements, as they must be, in the nature of things. But they emphasize and seek to win from management certain "vested rights," foremost among which is the worker's right to his job. An employer may fire a worker, but the action is subject to review under arbitration. He may introduce labor-saving machinery, but the men displaced by technological improvement must be taken care of. Workers have no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right to strike while the agreement is in force, but the contract is not inflexible and an instrument is evolved for the continuous interpretation and modification of its provisions in accordance with changing circumstances. The agreements give expression to the basic principles of the industrial relationship. Its working details are to be established in daily practice. In this sense the so-called "impartial machinery" for arbitration, as developed under the Amalgamated agreements, is a distinct contribution toward the working out of an industrial code. But the arbitrator is not merely a wise and benevolent outsider to whom both sides appeal for a fair and humane verdict. The arbitrator or Impartial Chairman, under the Amalgamated agreement, is expected to be thoroughly informed about all the economic facts as well as the personal factors out of which the dispute arises.

The Impartial Chairman is not expected to legislate for the industry on the basis of his own ethical concepts of what is right and wrong. He is not in himself a source of power. He is primarily expected to be a shock-absorber. He is there to offer both sides a chance to air their grievances and then to encourage them to settle the issue out of court. An Impartial Chairman is considered successful if he avoids making many decisions. If he must arbitrate, he will first seek to determine just how much each side in the controversy will be ready to concede or will insist on receiving, and the decision is expected to be the result of the pressure on each side. The arbitrator is but a function of the power relationship in the industry. The existence of an agreement is not an alibi for the union's taking a vacation from organizing work. As it grows stronger or weaker, during the life of the agreement, the union's position in the industry will accordingly be reflected in the respective modifications and adjustments of the provisions of the agreement. If the organization chooses to fall asleep, it may suffer a rude awakening.

The policy of striving for self-sufficient power inevitably broadens the scope of a union. Enrolling workers ceases to be an end in itself. Activist unionism seeks to create many-sided and effective points of contact between the movement and the state. The union is consequently interested in political activity, not merely as a device for obtaining leeway for the organization's work or as a club against interference by the courts, but as an engineering problem. Unlike traditional unionism, it tends toward independent political action, for it does not expect that a realignment of social power may be achieved by riding the Democratic or the Republican hobbyhorse. In past years the Amalgamated has supported all efforts leading to a labor party, and it has maintained an attitude of friendship toward the general course of the Russian revolution. Though not at all communistic, it has supported the Soviet regime because of the labor-power principle which it represents and the essentially functional nature of its organization.

It was unavoidable that the A. C. W. A. should be found among the leading advocates of unemployment insurance through state action and of economic planning. Its action has brought sympathetic response from the railway clerks, the locomotive engineers, the enginemen and firemen and from several other important labor groups. The logic of activism has been a driving force even where the theoretical collectivism, typical of the needle trades, did not consciously shape policies and formulate objectives.

The Amalgamated is neither perfect nor all-powerful. It is by no means the strongest trade union in the United States, though it occupies a position at the upper part of the column in point of organized membership and effectiveness in its strikes and agreements with the employers. But it is at the head of the column if its many-sided relationship to the industry is taken into account, not to speak of its proved ability to deal with practical issues. The dynamic potentialities of the trade-union movement have been given a measure of realization by the A. C. W. A. and have not been permitted to atrophy as in the routinized unions. The network of power cells that activist unionism has been able to form and to coördinate in the social body speaks for the quality of its leadership. It cannot be said that Amalgamated leadership, for instance, is not playing the game of politics for what it is immediately worth. But it has not played the game for the game's sake. The basic issues of the labor movement have been held in view, though the opportunist influence of betting on capitalism has done its share of harm. If this leadership has, in certain aspects, "stayed put," this can be accounted for by the unanswerable claim that in the final count no single unit of the movement can advance too far ahead of the rest of the movement without endangering its own position. Here we perceive how the backwardness of business-minded unions has limited the progress which the advanced sections of the movement might have made.

If the collapse of the unionism typified by the United Mine Workers of America points to the destructive forces at work in the labor field, then the gains made against heavy odds by such an organization as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America holds out a promise. But one must read the writing on the wall. Who can say with certainty whether the dead weight of obsolete unionism will not crush all hope of a vital labor movement if the minority does not take the lead? "Betting on capitalism" is a crucial point in the analysis of what the days to come will bring.

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# You Don't Gotta

"YOU GOTTA," said the young lady standing near me in the subway. And I, if I had been Rip Van Winkle enjoying the first moment of consciousness after the long nap, would have known by the way she said it that I was in New York City, for nowhere else do people chant "You gotta" in precisely the same tone. It means a great deal, that tone. For example, it may mean that the price is too high and the terms ridiculous and the goods worthless, but if "everybody's buying it"—whatever it happens to be—then, "You gotta." In that credo is an appalling lack of dignity, which, I think, is one of the first impressions the stranger, especially if he happens to be from a small town, has of crowds in the metropolis. One senses the fact that these people could not maintain a boycott against smallpox. If having it were reported to be quite the fad of the moment, I can easily imagine them standing in long lines, each waiting for his packet of germs, and saying sadly, "You gotta."

Elsewhere people have their little private boycotts. Surely some New Yorkers must, also, but I have never known one who did. A regrettable fact, for it seems to me that the private boycott, as I have personally conducted it, is not without some slight social value. However, the social value is not what moves the boycotter. He simply gets hot under the collar, something clicks inside him and the boycott is on. Mine, I observe with wonder and amazement, seldom end. I think I must have had a Chinese ancestor somewhere in the dim past. The Chinese hold all records for long-distance boycotts. Not being successful fighters, they discovered that this was an excellent substitute for war. Well, few of us are successful fighters. Fighting is hard on one's clothing and makes one late at the office or for dinner. The private boycott has none of these disadvantages.

I launched my first one twenty years ago and it is still going strong. There had been a wedding in which I participated as bridegroom and shortly thereafter a local furniture dealer sold four hundred dollars' worth of his wares to a pair of bright-eyed innocents. About a year later, when they were leaving the city, they asked this furniture dealer if he would be interested in repurchasing the goods, and he said that he would, since he dealt in both new and second-hand house furnishings. He examined the articles critically and estimated that they would be worth to him exactly twenty-seven dollars. That was a great shock to the bridegroom. I remember it vividly to this day. In fact, I remember it so vividly that never since have I spent so much as five cents with a furniture dealer. If it were necessary, I would cheerfully sit on empty packing boxes or sleep on a home-made mattress rather than do business with a furniture dealer. Indeed, I would go far out of my way to avoid even looking at one. Friends tell me that there has been a great change for the better in this business during the period of my boycott and I am glad to hear these reports, but there is a certain element of bull-headed, unreasoning persistence inherent in the boycott. Mine, I think, is good for another twenty years, at least.

For about ten years I traveled a great deal, and still travel rather frequently. One of the first observations I jotted down on the peculiarities of my fellow man when encountered in the hotel business is that he seems to be strongly tempted to charge one telephone call against each room immediately upon its being assigned to a guest. I could be under no misapprehension about this phenomenon because virtually all of my traveling took me to cities where I had no acquaintance whatever. The only person I was to see in each of these cities had come on the same train that brought me. He was a candidate for public office and he was going to make a speech and I had come along to report that event for a morning newspaper. Consequently it interested me to discover in almost every hotel where I registered that I had made one telephone call. The cashiers were extremely reasonable; when I protested they always struck out the charge immediately. But I discovered in due time that this extra dividend of ten cents was not as the law of the Medes and the Persians; there were exceptions. In fact, just as many hotels did not do this as did. And I have tried to reward them, each according to his deserts, for I have now a proud record covering a quarter of a century of never having registered a second time in any hotel that attempted to tax me for a telephone call before I reached my room. However, many hotels that would not for a moment consider such sharp practice as that just outlined feel quite differently on the subject of playing fast and loose with charges for long-distance calls. I am sure of this because some years ago I took the matter up with a high official of the telephone company and asked him why he always dealt honestly with me when I was at home and behaved like a gangster the moment I registered at a hotel. He explained to me that overcharging on long-distance calls is fairly common practice among hotels, that it causes endless woe for the telephone company, and that he would be happy to give me the names of some first-class hotels whose scruples extend into this field of their activities. I thanked him, accepted his list and have never since registered at a hotel not on it. But the boycott sometimes slips up on one through the subconscious if he has the sturdy boycotting spirit as a birthright. I have been sufficiently annoyed by hotel telephone charges, and I find now that I do not traffic with their telephones at all. That is without conscious thought on the subject. There are toll stations available. I have not lifted the receiver of a hotel telephone for probably three years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One delightfully crisp winter evening while strolling along Broadway I noticed the announcement of a new motion picture by my favorite comedian and immediately purchased a ticket. Entering the theatre doors, however, I discovered that I would have to stand for probably half an hour in the midst of a crowd being herded by ushers. It was uncomfortably warm in that crowd, and we could not see the screen. Finally I managed with great difficulty to get out. Then I asked quietly and politely for the manager and after a long delay I finally got in touch with him and asked for the return of my money. The experience was very interesting. Everyone was puzzled. Plainly some of the theatre attendants thought I was crazy. I had been in with only half an hour or so to wait and now here I was out again. If I had yelled at them they would have understood that I was very angry, but I didn't yell, so they could make neither head nor tail of it. The manager looked me over carefully; I am sure he wondered if I were up to some trick, And finally he returned my money because, I think, he was essentially a kind person and decided that perhaps I had troubles he knew nothing about. I am sure that he never for a moment thought he ought to return my money. So there we stood talking quite politely to each other and finally bidding each other a pleasant good evening, he wondering just what my racket might be and I very much amused because he never for a moment guessed that if he had not returned my money I should have beaten him within an inch of his life. He was between one-third and half my size, so I am not boasting. Moreover, I had no intention of inviting him to combat; I meant to wipe up the floor with him. That happened about four years ago. Since then I have never been in any of the large New York motion-picture theatres. That, of course, is carrying the thing a bit far and isn't necessary. What actually happened, I think, is that I fixed indelibly in my memory the picture of those absurdly costumed ushers herding that panting crowd of human sardines and the moment I see one of these ushers I know that that is a place with which I want no dealings whatever. Since most of the motion-picture theatres display their ushers on the sidewalks or in the lobbies, I see them without entering.

There is another boycott, however, of which I am acutely conscious. I shall merely mention it because I think it is shared by some scores of millions of my countrymen. I once purchased what appeared to be a used automobile in excellent condition. You know the rest of that story. And I might add that it is my intention henceforth to do just what you are going to do, that is, keep a shotgun handy in case anyone should try to abandon a used car in excellent condition on the front lawn. This boycott has now enlisted so much strength that it is going to revolutionize the used-car market. The waste that results from present conditions is too utterly silly to be tolerated indefinitely. Reform, I am told, is even now under way. I have not looked into the matter because I am not keenly interested. When the reform is accomplished it will be of great help to millions of people, but not to me. I bought one used car. Unreasonable? Certainly! But one can't spend precious hours passing judgment upon his boycotts, revising, amending, abolishing and renewing. They have to take care of themselves. If they amounted to anything in the first place, they ought to travel on their own steam thereafter. I wouldn't bother to tie a string around my finger. One surely wouldn't wish to sit down and brood over his boycotts, nursing his wrath to keep it warm. And if it keeps itself warm automatically, it may outlast its cause. But on the whole it seems to me an excellent idea to have a few millions of natural boycotters proceeding all unorganized but with unfailing memories through the mazes of our racket-ridden economic structure. If ever we get together for an old home week or something of that sort, I am going to try my hand at a little song entitled, "You Don't Gotta."

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

# Washington Notes

*Storms over Congress—Wrath Descending—The Feeble Champions—Democratic Vistas—No Programs Are Good Programs*

IF MR. Herbert Hoover believes that the overwhelming journalistic and banking support which his two major proposals received during the recess will expedite their ratification in Congress, he is badly mistaken. It is quite obvious that there will be a considerable amount of conversation and controversy before either House or Senate ratifies the moratorium on debts and reparations or passes legislation essential for the strengthening of weak banks and the restoration of confidence. Eventually, I believe, the necessary legislation will be passed. It is unquestionably a step in the right direction and neither Democrats nor progressives will care to lay themselves open to the charge of blocking measures designed to accelerate business recovery.

Nevertheless, before action is taken there will be an attack upon Mr. Hoover which will exceed in severity any previously made in Congress. I have talked with quite a number of our leading congressional lights in both progressive and Democratic groups. The amount of anti-Hoover indignation they have had to keep bottled up during these past six months is prodigious. Only once in a while has the opportunity come to blow off steam, but pretty soon the pressure will be relaxed and the old Senate chamber will ring with denunciation and invective.

What is going to make it particularly hard for the "Chief" to bear is that, as in the last session, there will be almost no voices raised in his defense among the regular Republicans. In the House, the faithful Tilson and perhaps the not quite so faithful Snell, the faithful Fort and one or two others, will reply with more or less vigor and spirit to the assaults of the enemy. But in the Senate it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to be very sad indeed. What few voices are raised will be extraordinarily feeble—more feeble in fact than they were during the last session.

Last year it used to grieve Mr. Hoover that when Pat Harrison or McKellar or some other leather-lunged Democratic orator pitched into him, the administration Republicans sat silent in their seats. However, after that noble senatorial leader, the Honorable James W. Watson of Indiana, under forced pressure, had made one or two alleged defenses of the President, the desire of the White House to be defended by him was more than satisfied. Watson's defense on one occasion that I recall was of such an apologetic nature that the personal friends of Mr. Hoover were bitterly resentful and Mr. Hoover himself moody for days. Jim was not again prodded into speech. Certainly no President would particularly care to be defended by Bingham of Connecticut or Davis of Pennsylvania. It is not only that neither has any prestige in the Senate, but both are so inept and tactless that the odds are always better than even that they will only make a bad situation worse.

It is the purpose of Democrats and progressives to keep the Hoover administration on the defensive from the start. In this they will have no difficulty. Probably the first point of attack—and the sharpest—will be upon Mr. Hoover's refusal, in the face of great economic distress, to convene Congress into extra session so that measures which he himself proposed could be enacted. It would require an eloquent, earnest, able and sincerely convinced senatorial friend to present an adequate defense on this count. If Mr. Hoover has any such friend in the Senate, I cannot now recall his name. It will be a rather tempestuous session I am afraid, with Mr. Hoover booted around by everybody and the progressives carrying the ball.

As the presidential campaign approaches, the Democratic attitude toward Mr. Hoover grows more, rather than less, bitter. It rasps them to be dragged along by these nonpartisan appeals. Yet there is little else they can do. A refusal to coöperate with the President in his efforts to better conditions in a crisis would be unthinkable. More, it would be rotten politics. Fully appreciating this, Democratic leaders summoned to the White House have endorsed the Hoover plan each time they have been asked. This is true not only of the party leaders in Congress, but of those not in Congress, with one notable exception. I cannot find that Governor Roosevelt at any time has said a single word of commendation either of the moratorium plan or the banking plan. Concerning the latter, all that could be got out of him at Warm Springs was that "the details of the plan are not available to me."

With this exception, there is hardly an important party figure who has not supported Hoover in response to his request. So far as the senatorial and House leaders are concerned, however, this second call found them both reluctant and resentful. They are "going along" because there is nothing else to do, but those with whom I have talked are sufficiently sore to ensure an early anti-Hoover outburst when Congress convenes. They have a feeling, these Democrats, that they are being used—a feeling, I suppose, which is perfectly natural under the circumstances, but not without its humorous features.

The sad truth about them, as I have pointed out in this place before, is that they want to win this next election by damning Hoover and the Republicans, but not by issuing any concrete program of their own. Actually, they are entirely devoid of constructive suggestions for meeting the present situation. There is no Democratic congressional program worthy of the name. There will be none. Any Democratic caucus on legislation reveals a wide split in the Democratic ranks. This condition of affairs leaves the Democrats in a fix where they have to support Hoover's program or that of the progressive Republicans. They do not want to do either. What they want to do is to keep right on hammering Hoover up to the day of election and be swept into office by the discontent of the people with the party in power and the unpopularity of its presidential candidate.

Perhaps it will work out that way. I think it not at all unlikely. None the less, the fact remains that it will be the progressives, not the Democrats, who will have the alternative program, and who will be called upon to supply the initiative and provide the leadership of the controlling coalition in House and Senate. When you consider the numerical strength of the Democrats in each branch, it must be admitted that this is not a very proud position for the other major party to occupy—particularly in a year when its chances of electing a President are concededly better than they have been since 1916. However, that is the truth about the situation, and no informed person will dispute it. There simply is no Democratic legislative program now—and none in the making. A congressional program is different from a national-convention platform. Glittering generalities and broad general declarations and promises are out. The congressional program has to be definite, detailed and concrete. That's where the Democrats fall short. They are not definite, detailed or concrete at the moment—and do not expect or desire to be so for at least another year.

Washington. T. R. B.

# By the Waters of Babylon

*Barbara's Wedding, by J. M. Barrie, and The Father, by August Strindberg. Forty-ninth Street Theatre, October 8, 1931.*

*The Streets of New York, or, Poverty Is No Crime, by Dion Boucicault. Forty-eighth Street Theatre, October 6, 1931.*

*A Church Mouse, by Ladislaus Fodor, adapted by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. The Playhouse, October 12, 1931.*

AS TO THE Barrie play with which Mr. Robert Loraine and Miss Haidee Wright open the bill at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, the less said the better. At its best such a piece belongs in the annals of a race that can remain for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year faithful even to potatoes and greens boiled. On Broadway, for all our stage sonorities and profits out of the War, it is already hard to recognize what it is that the old lady is doing with the pieces of white cloth. I myself admit the shock with which—I had thought she was knitting—it came to me that these were dressings for the men in the trenches. Such a piece belongs, also, to a race that can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remember fine things over and over for a long time, and appears now on a street where fine things are easily forgotten. At its worst "Barbara's Wedding" is full of the Barrie archness and repetition. One is only embarrassed at most of it; there is something about subjective, egocentric clichés that is worse than mere phrase clichés. Those British young people, with their coyness and fresh audacity, are as bad as if they were in Galsworthy. The curtain with the old people laughing, however vacantly, is all there is to like in the whole play, and this is partly because stage laughter is sometimes infectious, partly because in these times any laughing is acceptable. One may pause to note, however, that where it is easy for the English reviewers to scoff at American vulgarity, it is more difficult for American reviewers at large, remembering their mothers, copy books and Christmas trees, to hoot this English sentiment, slush and forcing into its proper corner of dulness, poor taste and lack of theatre invention.

The Strindberg play is another matter. Reviewing "The Father," after these many years of its fame all over the world of modern drama, would be a little vapid. The story of this struggle to the death between the man and the woman for the possession of the child's body and mind and soul, with all the modernity of its psychological ideas and motives, the intricacy of its development and the scope of its influence in the Continental theatre, has long been known. What struck me most and overwhelmed me, indeed, was the sense I had of living drama, of ideas clashing, of the flow of thought and analysis, of intelligent substance that is on the same plane with what, outside the theatre, we think of as intelligent. There is an impression like that we get from Shakespeare, of complexity in the tissue, of heightening in the material, of intensity in detail. And most of all, there is the magnificent dramatic imagery, supreme at the moment when the old nurse, the only woman in the house who loves him, puts Adolph into the straightjacket, plays a game with him to trick him to his destruction, not because of any evil wish, but to keep others off him, and because she loves him and fears for him as if he were her little boy. This is one of the great dramatic images invented in all the modern theatre. It symbolizes Strindberg's idea as wholly as the vulture symbolizes the idea in "Prometheus." It prepares for the great storm of the play as it rises to its climax in the man's frenzy and desperation, and as it sinks to its tragic conclusion and silence when he lies with his head against the old nurse's breast.

Despite Mr. Loraine's obvious and stock-company portrayal of the leading role, "The Father" is by so far the finest thing in town that all comparison is garish. Miss Dorothy Dix gives a good performance as the wife, a strange presence not without force and beauty, and reminiscent in some subtle way of Electra or Medea or Clytemnestra in Greek, at what moment in the play it would be hard to say, but definitely, nevertheless, as a pervasive, inescapable presence. Miss Haidee Wright as the nurse was as fine as the role; she made the nurse motive, the mother, the solace and memory, balance completely the other two roles, for which more lines are provided, and created the full universality of Strindberg's idea for the character. After the coyness of the young people in Barrie's piece Miss Maisie Darrell's direct playing of the daughter must be commended.

The New York Repertory Company, under the direction of Mr. Lawrence Langner, has been for the summer months at Westport, with "The Streets of New York" and other plays, and has now at last brought its productions to Broadway.

This play of Dion Boucicault's was first presented at Wallack's in 1857, and was famous in our grandfathers' time. It tells of a business depression that is interesting largely because it enables a wicked banker to appropriate an honest seaman's fortune and leave his family—the Fairweathers—in the most active destitution. Son, mother and daughter are left meeting in the snow, starving in attics, loving with every impression of hopeless passion, but coming out handsomely in the end—after a fire, a public exposure and an interrupted wedding—these are the Blood-goods that are wicked and thus finally punished. The play seems to me, especially when they play the music with the scenes, quite as touching as "The Last Mile," for example, and dozens of other plays that some people take seriously now, quite as touching and no more tricky. The tone is different, that is most of it; the pattern is firmer and more simplified. Elegance is sought, and classic motivation is more or less effected. It is easy to see how the treatment of such a play, when revived nowadays, is a difficult matter.

Over the presentation of "The Streets of New York" there floats the memory and luster of "Fashion" as it was done seven years ago at the Provincetown Playhouse. Into "Fashion," however, went a degree of genius, the whimsical devotion to the play's quality, the delicate variations on the play's epoch, the broadening into burlesque and variety. "Fashion," also, was a piece that lent itself more easily to such treatment. "The Streets of New York" has many scenes that lie subtly between what they were when they were written and what they are when seen in the perspective that we bring to them. Undoubtedly some of these scenes had best be played in considerable good faith, with scarcely a hint of their quaintness or humorous remoteness. This the New York Repertory Company did. I thought they struck a very happy medium between the two extremes in treatment for such a play, and that, while showing us clearly enough that they saw the sententious pretenses or period oddities, they gave us a fair enough impression of the play itself. Mr. Rollo Peter's designs did the same thing for the theatre décor of the fifties.

How much the Hattons softened the sins and dimmed the wit of "A Church Mouse" I have no way of knowing. It comes to us as a piece heavy with the familiar Nordic coarseness where sex and pleasure are concerned. Its heaviness, notwithstanding, is not to the point of any resistance, we merely sit and listen. As an influence toward evil the antics, in this case at least, are too casual for the virtuous, and for the wicked too trite. As to the rest of it, trundling along without inspiration or any very notable skill, there remains Miss Ruth Gordon.

"A Church Mouse" presents one of those Viennese occasions where pretty women and their pursuit, together with champagne and flowers, are the ruling factors; and the end, discovered with irony, fleeting passion and comic surprise,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turns out, for the moment at least, happily. We all embark with Venus for Cytherea, and when the play is over and done, are to get back home again as best we can. The dramatist shows us a banker, subject to the shapes, graces and scents of lovely women. He dismisses what he intends shall be the last woman in the bank's employ, from now on there shall be men. A little drab mouse appears, half starved, anxious, if not determined, to have the vacant post. She stays until she gets the post, and proves to be a miracle of efficiency. In Paris, where the financiers go for some great merger in oil and whatnot, she gets a taste of life, of pretty clothes and a fraction of the love formula as set forth by the former secretary who, with great hopes, has followed the banker. Fine clothes bring out a kind of Cinderella, and the curtain falls with the little mouse about to be not the favorite but the baroness—a sweet conclusion that sounds more like our movies and Hattons than it does like the stratifications of Austrian society. It may very well be, of course, that the Hattons and the dramatist feel the same way about happy marriages; for inconsequent plays God made inconsequent endings.

Miss Ruth Gordon's performance, so far as I could see, was, except for a few superfluous repetitions in putting her hand to her brow, et cetera, the kind of acting that is wholly intact and persuasive. It is not Miss Gordon's fault that we have no Dickens to write parts good enough for her talent. All through the play she pushed her character into reality and pathetic humor, without forcing. She skated past passages—that speech, for example, about dividing up the sardine and pretending this part was the hors d'oeuvre, this the entrée, and so on—that in almost every other player's hands would have sunk to mere slush. In the first act Miss Gordon was unique and her spell unbroken. In the rest of the play, despite the dramatist's lines—which accounted only for a sort of knock-out, obvious and unexpected beauty—she carried off entirely, it seemed to me, the Cinderella motive, and managed really to discover to the banker a beauty new to him in more senses than one. Miss Gordon's acting has grown purer; it has fewer tricks, and a finer calculation.

STARK YOUNG.

# *CORRESPONDENCE*

## The Fate of the Russian Peasant

SIR: Michael Gold in The New Republic of October 7 takes Maurice Hindus to task for omitting important considerations in his account of the current agrarian situation in Soviet Russia. But Mr. Gold is himself guilty of the same offense.

We know what *kulak* means from Mr. Gold's excellent definition of the term. But Mr. Gold fails to mention the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of peasants who are not *kulaks* at all, but who are now suffering the fate of the *kulaks* because they are allegedly under *kulak* influence; nor does Mr. Gold explain that the term *kulak* is used today by the Red-flag wavers in much the same way as "Bolshevik" and "Red" are used by wavers of capitalist flags.

Certain other facts must also be faced:

The present Bolshevik experiment in industrialization of farming (as in the industrialization of manufacturing) has not avoided the suffering to which the proletariat is subjected in the course of the industrialization process under planless capitalism.

During the first collectivization campaign, the terrorized peasants resisted bitterly: scores of Communist organizers who faithfully carried out the directives of their party leaders were killed in the resultant peasant rebellion, the slaughter of livestock was so widespread that Russia became virtually a meatless country, while hundreds of thousands of peasant families became beggars or prison-camp inmates.

During the second collectivization campaign the peasants, thoroughly terrified, their morale broken, preferred herding into *kolkhozes* to being driven into prison camps. Then the Soviet rulers discovered a condition of mass sabotage within such *kolkhozes,* and are now attempting to patch a job of bungling by resorting to capitalistic methods of exploitation which Mr. Gold dislikes in America but approves in Russia: a wage system based on piece work and pace-setting for the peasants turned farmhands, and lucrative jobs for bosses appointed by the General Kolkhoz Administration.

As a result of forced collectivization, the food supply of the country was seriously depleted, prices skyrocketed in the open market and doubled in the closed government stores, while real wages in the cities tumbled so rapidly that their decrease was more drastic in practice than the wage cuts in America today.

The fact that a few capitalist sharks did not reap a rich financial harvest from this economic disaster is to the credit of the Bolshevik revolution. But the fact that collectivization was turned from a creative and beneficial policy into a knout in the hands of sadistic bureaucrats must be laid at the doorstep of the present rulers of Russia, who regard the Soviet state as their private property, continue to place reliance on the efficiency of force in government and hold the Russian masses in contempt—the attitude of Russia's pre-revolutionary rulers. The fact that these men are "responsible Communists" brings them no closer to genuine Communism than would a bishop's miter or a cardinal's rope to genuine Christianity.

CHARLES MALAMUTH.

New York City.

## It Happened in 1920

SIR: In the article entitled "Graft in Business," published in your issue of August 5, there is mention of "The Baeder-Adamson Glue Scandal." The first sentence of the article, which reads: "Vast quantities of glue are purchased annually by the manufacturers of Victor talking machines—about 350,000 pounds a year," seems to imply that the discussion relates to a current incident. This circumstance—whatever the exact facts connected with it may have been—occurred in 1920, many years before the organization of the present RCA Victor Company. I mention this merely to clarify a point which is somewhat vague in the article.

GLENN I. TUCKER,
Radio Corporation of America.

New York City.

## The Art of Hitch-Hiking

SIR: I wish to take issue with Mr Hugh Hardyman's article, "The Art of Hitch-Hiking" [The New Republic, July 29]. On the whole, the article rings false; it smells of the lamp and of second-hand stories passed down by ebullient college boys leaving this city, hoping to make Weehawken by nightfall.

Let me tell Mr. Hardyman a few things. First, any hitch-hiker, after burning up his feet on a concrete highway for two miles, will accept a ride on a coal truck or a jinrickshaw. You can't tell me that sore feet discriminate against any vehicle! Anything to relieve the hardness of cement is twice welcome. Hitch-hikers on the whole (Mr. Hardyman may be different) are very humble souls, eager to accept the generosity of men and women, with or without beards. Women don't give rides for the most obvious reason—they are afraid of being waylaid, pillaged and raped. Imagine writing, "Never expect a woman driver to give you a lift: it may lead to complications of various kinds, as well as increasing the probability of your getting into a wreck, alleged statistics to the contrary notwithstanding." Mr. Hardyman thinks flippantly at a time when every hitch-hiker knows better. Art is serious and so is the art of hitch-hiking.

JULIAN ARONSON.

New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Science as Power

*The Scientific Outlook, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 277 pages. $3.*

WHAT IS SCIENCE? What have the techniques of science done and what do they promise in future? What are the characteristics of a scientific society? All these questions are worth asking again today, and one could conceive of no one better qualified to answer them, as a whole, than Mr. Bertrand Russell, a mathematician, a psychologist, a social critic, a philosopher. But "The Scientific Outlook" is an unsatisfactory book: Mr. Russell is so close to his subject that he here lacks one of his essential and admirable qualities, the quality of detachment.

Part One of "The Scientific Outlook" is an examination of the scientific method itself and its relation to metaphysics and religion. The scientific method is for Mr. Russell the "observation of such facts as will enable the observer to discover general laws governing facts of the kind in question." Mr. Russell confesses that there are limitations to the scientific method, but these are chiefly doubts as to the validity of induction and the difficulty of drawing inferences from what is experienced to what is not experienced. Scientific thought, he explains, is

> essentially power thought—the sort of thought, that is to say, whose purpose, conscious or unconscious, is to give power to its possessor. Now power is a causal concept, and to obtain power over any given material, one need only understand the causal laws to which it is subject. This is an essentially abstract matter, and the more irrelevant details we can omit from our purview, the more powerful our thoughts will become.

Right here Mr. Russell discloses a weakness which becomes plainer and plainer in the course of the book. If scientific research is in essence a quest for power, one cannot ignore the specific social and psychological medium in which it first began to flourish. The clarified method which was developed in the seventeenth century was the outcome of a long quest and an equally long tradition; for science is closely connected with magical practices, from the original astronomy of the neolithic cultures to the alchemy of a Paracelsus: it is an attempt to find a formula or a spell which will control the course of events in the external world. After a thousand empirical quackeries, seventeenth-century physical science at last discovered a quick road to power by the isolation and reduction of complicated, qualitatively intermingled events to a single series which could be expressed in mathematical or mechanical terms. But to attribute this advance to Galileo, as Mr. Russell does, is to ignore the social medium which made the scientific transformation a general one. The first part of human experience to be reduced from its organic complexity to a mechanical simplicity was time itself: this process began with the invention of the mechanical clock somewhere about the tenth century and had become widespread among the upper classes by the time that Galileo and Kepler came on the scene.

The translation of time, experienced organically in growth, maturation, decay and a multitude of human associations, into regular units connected immediately with a series of purely mechanical events, was the very pattern of scientific analysis. From the measurement of time to the measurement of movement and the establishment of every other kind of statistical uniformity was only a step. No one can doubt that this reduction, this standardization, this simplification of experience, brought a gain in social and industrial efficiency and a great expansion in power: but even apart from the destructive and imbecile applications of this power, one may well question the method itself from the standpoint of philosophical truth. To omit "irrelevant details" may, as Mr. Russell suggests, make our thoughts more powerful: but qualities which do not count in terms of power may be the very essence of the matter when we are concerned with the functions of life as a whole. A city consists of the same stable molecules of clay, stone, cement, steel, whether it be in orderly arrangement on the site, or blown to smithereens: but the element of pattern is different and that difference is an all-important one. The complete knowledge of any event or object must include not only its recurrent elements, but its non-recurring elements, not only its typical aspects but its specific uniqueness, not only its determinable quantities but the qualitative features of pattern and form, not only the causal relations within its own system but the modifications imposed by other systems, not only its hypothetical character in isolation but all the changes that follow its concrete implication with its environment. One does not question the validity of the scientific method so far as it goes: one would not take away an ounce or the power it has bestowed on us: what one questions is the systematic ignorance of other aspects of reality that has accompanied its exploitation of power.

These facts seem to me of basic importance in discussing the social issues of science, as Mr. Russell later does; but in his very apology for the method of abstraction, he gives the show away:

> The cultivator who knows every corner of his farm has a concrete knowledge of wheat, and makes very little money; the railway which carries his wheat views it in a slightly more abstract way, and makes rather more money; the Stock Exchange manipulator, who knows it only in its purely abstract aspect of something which may go up or down, is, in his way, as remote from the concrete reality as the physicist, and he, of all those concerned in the economic sphere, makes the most money and has the most power. So it is with science, though the power which the man of science seeks is more remote and impersonal than that which is sought on the Stock Exchange.

This illustration is more complete and admirable than Mr. Russell suspects: it has historic implications. The connection between speculation in physics and finance is not an accidental one: Robert Hooke, in his "Micrographia," acknowledged the great debt physical science owed to the merchants of London in the foundation and the experimental researches of the Royal Society; and the development of credit operations in finance has gone hand in hand with the development of physical science for the reason that they are in fact aspects of the same habit and technique of thought. In both cases, the aim is power; and in both cases the result, at the present moment, is a disorganized world on the brink of starvation, fed, if at all, by political and theological doles. Meanwhile the farmer who has a "merely" concrete knowledge of wheat and raises enough to fill his stomach has a better chance of survival than his erstwhile superiors. Fact and metaphor are both applicable.

Finally, Mr. Russell discusses the applications of science in society. There is nothing here that Mr. Wells did not anticipate in his earlier scientific romances and utopias, and for this reason the argument has a curiously old-fashioned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound, if only for the reason that at the end Mr. Russell is as horrified by his picture as was Mr. Wells in "When the Sleeper Awakes" or "The Time Machine." Mr. Russell's attitude toward science changes radically in the concluding chapter of his book. He sees that the outcome of power thinking may be a harsh, tyrannous world, a world where the working population will be kept satisfied by the scientific management of their endocrines, where reproduction and nurture will be controlled by definite physiological processes for the purpose, as in an ant hill, of producing a definite type of humanity, and where an unlimited sadism may be practised in the holy name of science by the directors of society. At this point, he is revolted by his own logic: in his final chapter on "Science and Values" he realizes that "the impulse toward scientific construction is admirable when it does not thwart any of the major impulses that give value to human life, but when it is allowed to forbid all outlet to everything but itself it becomes a form of cruel tyranny." As a corrective, Mr. Russell introduces the motives known to the mystic, the lover, the poet.

The revulsion and the corrective are both a little pathetic; for the final introduction of values by Mr. Russell is as barefaced as the introduction of God by Eddington or Jeans, against which Mr. Russell has wittily and justly railed in an earlier chapter. Like the magician who draws the rabbit out of the hat, Mr. Russell has had the mystic, the lover and the poet concealed in his coat-tails all the time; but while this increases one's love for him as a man, it lessens one's respect for him as a philosopher and a student of society. "Our world has a heritage of culture and beauty, but unfortunately we have been handing on this heritage only to the less active and important members of each generation." One does not willingly quarrel with such noble sentiments: one only begs leave to point out to Mr. Russell that the neglect which pains him so heartily in Chapter Seventeen has an essential connection with the limitations of the scientific method which he deals with so superficially in Chapter Three. The place to control power is at the source where it is generated, not at the outlet; and this chapter on "Values" is merely a feeble and futile gesture. In addition to the great Baconian phrase, "Knowledge is power," one must also add today: But power is impotence unless it is organically related in society to the sum of purposive human activities. Neither stockbrokers nor physical scientists have sufficiently pondered this fact. LEWIS MUMFORD.

# The Venezuelan Plains

*Doña Barbara, by Romulo Gallegos. Translated by Robert Molloy. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.*

IT IS PROBABLY true that talented writers make poor—in the sense of unsuccessful—politicians. Romulo Gallegos, one of the foremost writers of Latin America, is no longer a senator of Venezuela; he is now living in New York, a political exile. It may very well be, however, that the influence of Señor Gallegos will prove more enduring than that of Dictator Gomez or whosoever. Not that "Doña Barbara" is a purposeful novel in which are embedded political arguments; nor, on the other hand, is it a masterpiece. But Romulo Gallegos will be remembered, with the Colombian Jose Eustasio Rivera, author of "La Voragine," as one of the leaders in a contemporary revolt among Latin American writers for literary independence. They have rebelled against the silly tyranny of conventions borrowed from the popular literature of France and Spain. If they remain romantics, they are certainly more vigorous and honest, more aspiring and more worthy of critical attention than were their predecessors.

It would be easy to overestimate this novel, or any of the few Latin American novels that are translated, in the effort to understand their value and meaning for an original audience. "Doña Barbara," a lion in its native haunts, does not seem so formidable and remarkable to the Anglo-Saxon reader. It is, however, an exciting heroic tale of the life of the Venezuelan plainsmen, masters and peons, ranchers and cowboys and horse thieves; in a broadly symbolic fashion, it describes the victory of a new civilization in the barbaric last frontier of the Venezuelan plains.

Doña Barbara herself is an evil character of lush proportions, an enchantress, an oversexed, untamed beauty. For the more ideally minded, her activities and those of the unscrupulous empire-building American named Danger, represent the corruption of the government, the primitive conditions of society. Doña Barbara's path is crossed at last by the young Santos Luzardo, an educated aristocrat who has returned to his ancestral ranch, seeking retribution but bringing with him more civilized ways of fighting. The struggle begins immediately; the story plunges recklessly ahead. In the course of it there are rugged pages filled with the life of the plains—rodeos, intrigue, song contests, murders, crocodile hunts, horse breaking—and fine descriptions of a new, colorful, hazardous land. One should, of course, watch with approval the spectacle of civilization victorious, but one does not care very much that Luzardo overcomes Doña Barbara and the American, nor even that he marries the illegitimate and (therefore) abandoned Marisela. The reader will prefer to remember this story of adventure in the Venezuelan cattle country for its spirit, windswept and strong, and will render thanks to its author for a day on the savannahs. CHARLES A. PEARCE.

# Personality: Fact or Illusion?

*Personality and Will, by Francis Aveling. Contemporary Library of Psychology. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 246 pages. $2.*

INTELLIGENCE" AND "WILL" are the two horns of a dilemma which has vexed psychologists (to say nothing of philosophers) from Aristotle to Freud. As for the Minotaur to which the horns belong, "Personality" is as good a name as any, though some prefer "Character," others "Temperament," and so on.

Professor Francis Aveling, in this little volume which he contributes to the series of which he is general editor, does his best to track the animal down. As a pupil and colleague of Professor Charles Spearman in the University of London, he has already distinguished himself by research in his chosen field: an earlier volume on "Directing Mental Energy" testifies to his vital interest in some of the obscurer problems of human behavior. His point of view combines the methods of introspective analysis and controlled experiment, and his conclusions, although by no means final, at least indicate a way of thinking about these problems which may lead to something more than the blank walls of ethical and metaphysical ultimates.

The first four chapters review briefly but ably the "prescientific" attempts at meeting the dilemma. "Personality" and "will" are shown to have been so inextricably confused with intellectualist, theological, scholastic and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teleological notions that a real understanding of them was impossible. Static, a-priori concepts ranging all the way from a rigid determinism (Zeno and Calvin) to an equally unqualified free will (Plato and Saint Thomas Aquinas) had to give place to a dynamic view, according to which the individual, with all his qualities and functions, is both an independent process within, and a dependent product of, his environment. Having established his position—"It is only in activity," he says, "that personality is expressed"—Professor Aveling describes in some detail the interesting pioneer experiments of Ach and Michotte, the results of which tended to show that, contrary to general belief, everyone has "will power." The observed differences are merely in the degree and success of the *striving* ("conation") which follows upon the initial "volition." That is to say, what most of us call "will" is the combination of perseverance, choice of means, opportunity and mental energy which, in themselves, are simple by-products of an earlier mental act but vaguely understood. This at once dissociates will from its "common-sense" correlates of intelligence and character, thrusting it still further back into the obscure recesses of the Self.

On this major question of the Self, Professor Aveling is modest. He gives much space to a careful analysis of such things as conation versus volition; choice, perseveration and perseverence; reflexes, instincts and habits; correlations of qualities; conscious and unconscious behavior; the "noegenetic" concept of Spearman, with its emphasis on experience and the power of relating events. He is particular in showing the extreme variability in motives, means and results, employing many examples both from the animal and the human world. In the end, having done his best for "free will" (which becomes a purely psychological phenomenon, with idealist possibilities) and for the Self as "both experiencer and experienced," he is forced to conclude that "a person is an individual incommunicably existing in himself, who is not merely will, or energy elicited by goals and determined by motives, but an intelligent will contemplating means to ends and making its own motives." So we are not, after all, much better off in respect to clear knowledge about our complicated (or perhaps very simple) selves. Yet Professor Aveling's brief and suggestive summary of the problem can do much to prevent excessive tilting at psychological windmills. HAROLD WARD.

# Voices from the Dark

*Medieval Latin Lyrics, by Philip Schuyler Allen. University of Chicago Press. 341 pages. $4.*

THE HYPOTHETICAL gloom of the so-called Dark Ages is further scattered by Professor Allen in the present sequel to his "Romanesque Lyric." We are here fitted to a more precise pair of spectacles for viewing the Latin Muse in her popular and learned dress during the many centuries of her effective contact with medieval European poetry. To the classicist of other days, as to his infrequent contemporary descendant, it would seem a love's labor lost to direct scholarly energy that might so well have been set to work at further emendations of Horatian and Virgilian texts, toward the clarification of the barbaric dark that reigned from the time of Boethius, "last of the Romans," to the relighting of the lamp of the muses by the pious hands of Petrarch, Poggio and the other humanists of the Renaissance. But time and critical research have brought to light more than one renaissance, and Professor Allen has shown cause for believing that even between resurrections Latin poetry was not precisely dead, but was stirring restlessly for another turn at being born.

The author has laid much stress, and rightly, upon the expediency of classifying medieval poetic types according to theme and treatment rather than upon the basis of literary form. From his classification emerge three grand categories: the didactic and religious, the satiric, and the balladry of love, spring and wine. All three are submitted to critical analysis and out of the huge mass is assembled a small but impressive corpus that still speaks familiarly, sometimes poignantly, to us today. It is in the third of these categories that the uninitiated reader will feel a shock of surprise at what, in spite of the repeated warnings of professional medievalists, he will naïvely continue to call their "amazingly modern quality."

Of more than medieval application is the able and amusingly waged polemic against the "dogma of continuity," that bastard child of Darwinian biology which would fasten upon literary criticism the necessity of analyzing every apparently new literary phenomenon into a mechanistic derivative of some antecedent form.

As in Professor Allen's earlier volume, here too, we are spared the gorgonean footnotes, bibliographies and kindred horrors with which the scholar ordinarily petrifies his reader's mind into a proper regard for learning. In spite of all this, the lay reader will sometimes find himself present at minute discussions of the kind that follow the reading of a paper at the annual meeting of a learned society; yet he will be but dimly aware of this, so light is the touch and so deft the philological dialectic.

An additional feature of the book is the occasional translations of Latin lyrics from the cosmopolitan pen of Howard Mumford Jones; one wishes there were more of these, but is beset by the flattering fear that their lyrical intensity and sophisticated prosody sometimes result in too merciful a justice to their originals.

RONALD B. LEVINSON.

# Which Fatherland?

*Stepchild of the Rhine, by Oscar Ludmann. New York: Alfred H. King, Inc. 276 pages. $3.*

IN AUGUST, 1914, Oscar Ludmann was a fourteen-year-old Alsatian schoolboy, come to visit at his uncle's farm high in the Vosges. With childish delight he watched German Jaegers and French Chasseurs maneuvering on opposite sides of the frontier in the valley below him. A trumpet sounded, and he saw them stop maneuvering and begin bayoneting each other all up and down the mountain meadow from which, an hour before, his uncle had yodeled a joyous greeting. That night he saw his mountain kinsfolk driven down into the villages. He saw men and women forced to dig their own graves and then shot against a wall. When he was brought home and put to bed he hid an axe under his pillow.

If you are curious about the position occupied by Alsace-Lorraine in the insane racial, linguistic, nationalist and economic geometry of the World War, this book will tell you more, perhaps, than one is likely to learn from the historians. Extraordinarily rich in material, honest in its self-portrayal, inevitably bitter, it fully deserves the emphasis placed upon it by Robert Morss Lovett in his introduction.

Ludmann's grandfather was a French veteran of the War of 1870, who kept the picture of Napoleon concealed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behind that of William II. His older brother went away to become a German war hero. He himself remained in the village to steal food; also to lead a gang of Alsatian schoolboys who fought with German schoolboys—not merely with fists and stones, but with rifles and hand grenades. His grandfather preached French patriotism. His German school teacher compelled German patriotism with a ferrule. What the boy learned was hatred and savagery—he bit and scratched his teacher and eventually tried to kill him. While still in school, he was sent up to the lines to dig trenches. There, in the third year of the War, he found disillusioned veterans fraternizing with the French, who were equally determined to keep the sector quiet. (The reviewer was on this sector, saw the French soldiers cultivating lettuce and carrots just back of the trenches, and heard them curse the recently arrived Americans who insisted upon carrying on the war.)

A little later young Ludmann is conscripted into the German navy, where he sees the beginnings of mutiny. Transferred to the Russian front, he is captured by a band of Bolshevik guerrillas and forced to serve with them. Recaptured by the Germans, he is sentenced, as a deserter, to prison at Margarethenseil. He is assigned to labor on a torpedo-boat destroyer just before the successful naval mutiny of November 3, 1918, in which he participated. With a score of other Alsatians, he travels back to his native village and helps spread the revolt which was climaxed by the Armistice. The material is almost too rich. As if this were not enough, Ludmann is obliged to watch stupid French bureaucrats harshly Frenchifying the reconquered provinces. His aged grandfather dies in a delirium of joy. His older brother returns covered with German war medals, wavers briefly, then shouts *"Vive la France"* and becomes an ardently patriotic French officer. Ludmann himself has a nervous collapse, struggles back to health, and can't get a job. But there is always patriotism—he is conscripted into the French navy.

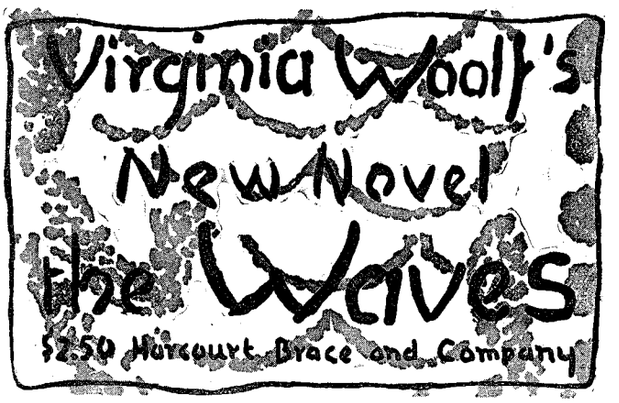
Autobiography is as difficult an art as the novel, and this book, which contains but does not digest the material for several novels, suffers a good deal from a lack of selection and drawing. It is none the less an intensely interesting and valuable war document. JAMES RORTY.


*The*
**FRENCH BOY**
**By PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER**
*Translated by Ida Treat*

"The French Boy" is not quite a novel and not quite memoirs. Paul Vaillant-Couturier, author and artist, former member of the Chamber of Deputies and editor of *l' Humanite*, has told the story of his own boyhood in answer to the question: "What does it mean to be born in France and to grow up a Frenchman?"
*18 illustrations by the author.* $2.50

**LIPPINCOTT**
Washington Square Philadelphia







# Book Notes

## BELLES LETTRES

ENGLAND UNDER VICTORIA, by H. V. Routh. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 232 pages. $2.*

In this, the seventh of a series entitled "English Life in English Literature," Mr. Routh, who is university reader at the London School of Economics and Political Science and King's College, London, has edited a praiseworthy collection of excerpts from mid- and late-Victorian writers. Save Pater, no man of moment has been slighted. Like Maugham and others of his Edwardian predecessors, the editor would have us arrange into Spinozistic categories the philosophical findings of an age that knew not Spinoza. It is to this end that Mr. Routh has shaped a preface which, in many respects, possesses uncommon merit. Surely none will dispute his contention that the Victorians tried to flee, at last, from the tyranny of reason into the bondage of instinct. However, one would feel more at ease were one sure that Mr. Routh knows just what instinct is. To quote, instinct "may for our present purpose be defined as the impulse ingrained in every organ to fullfil its proper function. When a terrier pounces upon a rat, he does not devise ways and means, he simply finds that first his eyes, then his legs and then his jaws act as they were meant to act." *Meant* to act? When a man attempts to escape reason by recourse to instinct, reason laughs at him in his sleep.

MAKERS OF EUROPE, by Robert Seymour Conway. *Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 88 pages. $1.25.*

These respectable essays, delivered at Dickinson College as the James Henry Morgan lectures for 1930, announce as makers of Europe four well known Romans. Professor Conway departs from tradition in assigning to Julius Caesar less constructive importance than he attributes to Cicero, to Horace or to Virgil. Aside from this mild heresy, the book lacks vigor and freshness; the effective influence of any of the four subjects is not conclusively demonstrated. Professor Conway is a good deal of a Christian, and something of a Tory, and his comprehension of political economy is exceedingly naïve.

## BIOGRAPHY—FOUR COMPOSERS

CHOPIN'S LETTERS, collected by Henryk Opiénski *Translated with a preface by E. L. Voynich. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 424 pages. $5.*

This is a valuable collection, well edited. Chopin tells surprisingly little that is significant about other people, but a great deal that is significant about himself. About others the letters contain gossip, personal and professional, expressed with little thought or perception, but much extravagant and chaotic feeling. They betray the composer's excessive reverence for titles, and a Pole's attitude toward Jews—*i.e.*, he accuses the publishers of Jewing him down, while he Jews them up and plays them off against one another in a way that reminds one of Beethoven.

GIUSEPPE VERDI: His Life and Works, by Francis Toye. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 473 pages. $6.*

Not often does one meet the combination of patience, enthusiasm,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honesty and critical insight that has produced this excellent book. Patience gives us an enormous amount of detail; enthusiasm makes this detail always significant; honesty restrains enthusiasm and, with critical insight, gives us penetrating judgments. From the account of Verdi's life it appears that he was in all respects a great person; from the discussions of the operas, that he was in most respects a great composer.

LETTERS OF GIACOMO PUCCINI, edited by Giuseppe Adami. *Translated by Edna Makin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 320 pages. $3.50.*

The letters in this volume are concerned almost entirely with the composition and production of Puccini's operas, and are grouped under the operas to which they pertain. This arrangement is not satisfactory, as the time period covered by each group is not distinct and one is unable to follow chronologically the various developments. Nevertheless, the letters reveal Puccini's methods, as determined by his musico-dramatic gifts and his personal nature, both of which were highly estimable.

SCHUMANN: A Life of Suffering, by Victor Basch. *Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 243 pages. $3.50.*

There is little that is new in this volume, and the style, rhetorical and fervent, is typical of one sort of French biography.

## The Social Sciences

ESSAYS ON RESEARCH IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, edited by a Committee on Training of the Brookings Institution. *Washington: The Brookings Institution. 194 pages. $2.*

In these papers, read at the seminar of the Brookings Institution for the year 1930-1931, nine distinguished scholars discuss various phases of the problem of method in the social sciences. The papers have been organized largely around the contributions of the separate disciplines to social-science method and, as a result, one misses the opposition of different points of view with regard to the social sciences as a whole. Only the paper by Professor Karl Llewellyn—"Legal Tradition and Social Science Method"—undertakes to challenge the prevailing social-scientific doctrine, pointing out that the rule-of-thumb of legal tradition, clumsy as it is, is often closer to realities than the abstractions of "the pseudo-systematizers of social science."

AN HYPOTHESIS OF POPULATION GROWTH, by Ezra Bowen. *New York: Columbia University Press. 238 pages. $3.75.*

Everybody knows that population, according to Malthus, tends to increase in geometric ratio, while food is increased only in arithmetic ratio (by addition). Population would, therefore, long ago have outrun the supply of food but for the operation of checks to its increase—war, disease, vice and misery. However, the Malthusian formula is no longer tenable; since the time of Malthus, population has greatly increased, but wealth has increased at an even greater rate. Hence, Dr. Bowen proposes a new formula to express approximately the law of population growth: Population, he says, tends to increase directly with wealth, and inversely with prevailing levels of living standards. He believes that the desire for ever higher living standards forces people to resort to contraceptives, thus reducing the birth rate. Falling birth rates prevail in every progressive community. Theoretically the birth rate may fall to zero, while the death rate cannot fall below an absolute minimum. Hence he reaches the conclusion, which is also held by several statisticians of population, that the present declining rate of human increase will continue, until population growth comes to a full stop. At first, he says, only the rich and well-to-do increase according to this formula, but in the course of time the poorer strata will be affected by it, and ultimately all the races of the earth.

THE TRAGEDIES OF PROGRESS, by Gina Lombroso. *Translated by Coley Taylor. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 329 pages. $3.75.*

In a book written with fervor, studded with provocative data and penetrating flashes of wisdom, Gina Lombroso presents the case against industrialism. She shows how it has wasted and is

*Modern Society is a Frankenstein which has created a new Monster The Giant Corporation. How are we to cope with it?*

**FRANKENSTEIN Incorporated**

By I. Maurice Wormser

IN this timely and provocative book the gigantic corporation of today is analyzed and its effect upon our communal life vividly pictured. The author, a noted lawyer, speaks out directly against the abuses which have done much to bring about the present crisis. *FRANKENSTEIN, Incorporated,* will bring to many thousands a new concept of modern business. *Just published.* $2.50

*The First Modern Biography of the Great Chaldean*

**NEBUCHADNEZZAR**

By G. R. Tabouis

*With a Preface by Gabriel Hanotaux, of the French Academy.* "What a subject! Read this book and Nebuchadnezzar stands before you, not a myth, but a living man. The terrible legend will suddenly grow human before your eyes, and impose itself upon history."—*M. Hanotaux. 399 pages, Illustrated.* $5.00

**THE UNITED STATES AND DISARMAMENT**

*By Benjamin H. Williams.* An extremely timely account of Disarmament's recent past and immediate future as the subject affects the welfare of the United States. $3.50

**DIVORCE** *A Social Interpretation*

*By J. P. Lichtenberger.* A recognized authority surveys the problems of marriage and divorce from earliest times to present, and especially of America today. $4.00

**THE ART OF LEARNING**

By Walter B. Pitkin. Learn how to Learn! It is a fascinating adventure. Walter B. Pitkin points the way to the mastery of all subjects in this informal, entertaining book. *Third Printing.* $2.50

**BIOLOGY in Human Affairs**

*Edited by Edward M. East.* 12 leading scientists survey the outposts of biological knowledge today, and tell of man's mastery of nature's secrets. $3.50

**THE MENTAL DEFECTIVE**

*By Richard J. Berry and R. G. Gordon.* The causes and types of mental deficiency, the social consequences, and methods of dealing with the problem, described by authorities. $2.50

**BUSINESS ADRIFT**

*By W. B. Donham.* The Donham Plan for American Business. *4th Large Printing.* "By all means read this book."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

*A Division of* McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO. 370 Seventh Ave. New York

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wasting natural resources; how by making useless things necessities it has increased the burden of living; how it has impoverished poor countries; how its agent Imperialism has, on weaker continents, ruined the native races; how the precariousness and instability of life and depersonalization of the individual have made humanity neurotic; how industrialism itself has vulgarized culture and made the individual materially and spiritually a pauper by dependence on doles and specialized entertainment; how it has lowered the moral sense, and created universal boredom. It does not require much subtlety on the part of the reader, however, to notice that the author systematically ignores the case for industrialism, for which, no doubt, statistics as impressive could be marshaled; and that she frequently presents as the facts what are rather her interpretations of the facts. Mme. Lombroso's remedy is what might be expected: that industry be decentralized and returned to the handicrafts, these being allowed to employ only those mechanisms which the individual worker could use as his personal tools. She makes no mention of the possibilities of socializing the plant and powers of industrialism.

## Fiction

THE COMPELLED HERO, by Richard Heron Ward. *New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.*

Here is one more novel on the Montparnasse expatriates, this one written by an Englishman and concerned with the love affairs and parties of an English musical group. The heroine is not altogether uninteresting and there are a few short bits of convincing writing, but that is about all. If anyone has wondered what the English in the Dome and the Rotonde find to talk about, this book should more than satisfy their curiosity.

DARK BRIDWELL, by Vardis Fisher. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

This is not a very pleasant book, or one to be recommended for its soporific qualities. It contains a powerful and convincing characterization of a unique figure, a Western farmer of fabulous virtues and vices who made his home beside a mountain stream as violent as himself, and brought up his two sons with alternating kindness and cruelty. The description of the strange home and of its influence upon the family is an extraordinarily fine piece of work. The author's style is sometimes rhetorical, but the cumulative effect of the book is tremendous.

## Contributors

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS, whose investigation of police lawlessness for the Wickersham Commission was used as the basis for its eleventh report, has completed a book, "Our Lawless Police," which will be published this month by the Viking Press. His article in the present issue of The New Republic will be included in the volume.

CHESTER T. CROWELL has done newspaper work and editorial writing in Dallas, San Francisco and New York City. At present he is a contributor of stories and articles to the popular magazines.

LEWIS MUMFORD, whose most recent book, "The Brown Decades," appeared two weeks ago, is the author of "Sticks and Stones," "The Golden Day" and several other volumes of biography and social and esthetic criticism.

CHARLES A. PEARCE is employed by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HAROLD WARD'S special interest is in the history and philosophy of the sciences. He has written for The New Freeman and his reviews appear in The Nation, The New York Times, The Thinker and other periodicals.

RONALD B. LEVINSON, whose training has been predominantly classical, is professor of Philosophy at the University of Maine.

JAMES RORTY, journalist, poet, advertising copywriter and contributor both to the business and the radical press, is living on a farm in Connecticut, working on a novel.


# THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD

by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

Author of *"Those Earnest Victorians," "The History of British Civilization,"* etc.

AN ACCOUNT of war and its effect on men and civilization, from the days of the cave man to the present. The author examines the Great Captains, from Alexander to the leaders in the World War, and contends that only the innate stupidity of the military mind has saved civilization from even greater catastrophes. And he finds that the decline of great nations inevitably followed their wars of aggression.

WE PRESENT this work as one of the most important and challenging publications of recent years, about a problem of vital interest to every intelligent man and woman. *Fully indexed.* $4.00

# ICE IN EGYPT

by

A. M. MacCRINDLE

EGYPT! Cairo! Dirty, delightful, smelly. Have you even been there? The crafty vendor of ice, the amorous laundryman, the sly policeman, and a dozen other vivid characters come alive in this tragi-comedy of modern Egyptian life. $2.00

# THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE

by

SOPHIE BOTCHARSKY & FLORIDA PIER

THE true story of a young Russian nurse's experiences throughout the War. "A book of rare power. Not even Remarque in *The Road Back* has been able to give us so graphic a picture of the tragic breakup of a great army."—*George Currie in the Brooklyn Eagle. With a frontispiece portrait.* $3.00

# THE LIFE STORY OF BEASTS

by

ERIC FITCH DAGLISH

A distinguished artist and naturalist now does for beasts what he did for birds in his earlier volume, *The Life Story of Birds.* He discusses the courtship of beasts, beasts as parents, beasts as hunters, and as hunted. Mr. Daglish's woodcuts are unique for their decorative qualities, their skilful line, and their faithfulness. *Illus. with 20 full page woodcuts and numerous small woodcuts.* $3.00

**Wm. MORROW & Co., New York**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 E. 15th St. ALg. 4-3094

LEWIS L. LORWIN Mon. 8:30 p.m., Oct. 26
*Brookings Institute, Washington, D. C.*
"THE PROBLEM OF PLANNED ECONOMY"

J. BROOKS ATKINSON Thurs. 8:30 p.m., Oct. 29
*Dramatic Critic, New York Times*
"THE THEATRE AS A BUSINESS AND AS AN ART"

E. L. TARTAK Mon. 8:30 p.m., Oct. 26
"PAUL VALERY, THE HAMLET OF EUROPE"

FELIX COHEN Wed. 7 p.m., Oct. 28
"THE PURPOSE OF THE STATE"

SIDNEY E. GOLDSTEIN Thurs. 8:30 p.m., Oct. 22
"THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE"

ADELE T. KATZ Fri. 8:30 p.m., Oct. 23
"MUSIC IN A CHANGING WORLD"

Single admission 50c

*Write, phone or call for bulletin*

# DEBATE "SHALL THE STATE REAR OUR CHILDREN?"

BERTRAND
# RUSSELL vs.
SHERWOOD
# ANDERSON

*Chairman:* JOHN B. WATSON, *Noted psychologist*
*Foreword by:* WILLIAM E. GRADY, *Associate Sup't of Schools*

Sunday, November 1st, 8:30 P.M.
MECCA TEMPLE, 55th St. & 7th Avenue
Tickets: 75c to $2.50—DISCUSSION GUILD, 15 E. 40th St.
Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St.—Columbia Book Store, Journalism Building—or your neighborhood bookshop.

*The Institute of Arts and Sciences*
# COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Lectures-in-Series on the Regular Program

OUR PAST CONTEMPORARIES—A series of six lectures by Houston Peterson, author of "Havelock Ellis, Philosopher of Love"; "The Melody of Chaos"; etc.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH WRITERS—A series of six lectures by Dr. A. G. H. Spiers, professor of French, Columbia University.

OUR ACCELERATED WORLD—A series of four lectures by Louis K. Anspacher, dramatist, author, lecturer.

Member's Annual Ticket $15 (two for $25) admits to more than 150 events.

Throughout the season—mid-October until April 1—the Institute offers a well-balanced program of evening events—lecturers, concerts, plays, and recitals at the McMILLIN THEATRE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, Broadway, at 116th St.

YOU MAY BECOME A MEMBER
SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

Morosco Thea. W. 45th St. Tickets $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1. 4 MATS Thurs. Oct. 22; Fri. Oct. 23; Mon. Oct. 26; Tues. Oct. 27.
James B. Pond presents
# MAURICE BROWNE
(Producer of "Journey's End") in
# "The Unknown Warrior"
with ROSALINDE FULLER
THE ARTISTIC DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS
# THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY
By PAUL GREEN
UNDER the AUSPICES of the THEATRE GUILD
Telephone: Penn. 6-6100
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St., & 8th Ave.
Evgs., 8:30; Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

# Beacon Hill School

Harting, Petersfield, England
BERTRAND & DORA RUSSELL

Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology. Address enquiries Principal.

"Represents the American Theatre at its best."—*Atkinson, N. Y. Times.*
# THE LEFT BANK
By ELMER RICE
"A better play than 'Street Scene.' "—*Ruhl, Herald-Tribune.*
LITTLE THEATRE, — West 44th Street — Evenings, 8:50; Best Seats, $3.00. | Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 $1, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50

***New Edition for One Dollar***
***Walter Lippmann's***
# A PREFACE TO MORALS

A book that will help you adjust yourself to the world you live in.
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK


## DISCUSSION


THE GROUP
Meets at Auditorium—150 W. 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M.
NORMAN THOMAS
will speak on:
"WAYS OUT OF THE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION"
(Weekly notices on request)


## POSITIONS WANTED


**Young Woman,** university graduate, with secretarial training and experience in writing *English,* for five years research secretary in large eastern university, seeks position with wider scope, as secretary or assistant to author, editor, or research worker. Chief interests: sociological, industrial, and literary. Write Box 634, The New Republic.

**Position wanted** in motherless home (private). Widow, 35, college graduate, with diversified training and experience in caring for children. Would like to be in home where warm interest and exceptional background could make a contribution to the development of children. Address: Box 635, The New Republic.

**Young woman,** well educated, traveled, experienced in teaching, research, and editorial work, wants position. Has specialized training in history and international politics and wide knowledge of literature and art. Will take anything suitable. Box 636, The New Republic.


## GENERAL


REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all outdoor wear —direct from makers. Samples free. Suit-lengths by mail. Carriage Paid.
JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.


## BOOK PLATES


EROS BOOKPLATE REDUCED!
Ultra Modern wood-cuts: two colors. Identify your books with EROS EX LIBRIS: or use for Xmas, New Year cards with your name printed. Make fine gifts. Send 5c for large samples: 25 for 50c. Desk NR-20, Eros Bookplates, 1609 N. Broad St., Phila., Pa.


## TICKETS FOR SALE


**Two desirable,** first balcony seats at Box Office price, Row G; Metropolitan Opera, Thursday nights; portion or entire season. Telephone: R. M. Lexington 2-2523, or write 13th floor, 18 E. 41st St. New York.


## BOOKS


UNUSUAL BOOKS
Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes. Curiosa and Esoterica.
*Send for Fascinating FREE Catalogues*
*THE FALSTAFF PRESS*
Dept. *R,*
489 Fifth Ave., New York


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Offers of the Season

[For seven consecutive years The New Republic has published these special offers in the autumn]

**The New Republic**
*and* Harpers Magazine - $7.00

**The New Republic**
*and* Scribner's Magazine - $7.00

**The New Republic**
*and* Atlantic Monthly - $7.50

**The New Republic**
*and* American Mercury - $8.00

*Canadian postage 50c extra each for The New Republic, Atlantic Monthly, American Mercury; 60c extra for Scribner's; $1.00 extra for Harpers. Foreign postage $1.00 extra for each magazine.*

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

Subscriptions may start now or at the expiration of current subscriptions. They may be sent to the same or different addresses. These offers are *not* valid through agents. They are subject to immediate withdrawal.

I enclose { $7.00 / 7.50 / 8.00 } in acceptance of your offer of one year's subscription to The New Republic and Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, American Mercury. *Underscore your selection.* Canadian and Foreign postage extra.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

10-28-31

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., 409 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CHOOSE A GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCK

In the selection of home furnishings particular care must be exercised in the choice of your clocks. You will want one that can be depended upon for accurate time . . . one that is modern . . . one that will serve as a decorative unit . . . one that is least bothersome and most economical. Choose a General Electric clock. It has all the necessary requirements.

No winding, no oiling, no regulating. Plug into any regulated A. C. outlet and you have time as dependable as the current which lights your home. Operating cost merely a few cents a month.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCKS

MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT • BRIDGEPORT. CONN.

*The 50 Bitter Years—*

. . . through the eyes of

# EMMA GOLDMAN

One woman threw her titanic energies into a magnificent half-century struggle for her ideal, anarchism without compromise. But she lost—and the tragedy of that defeat is the real story of her life. Today her memoirs stand as the record of a truly remarkable career.

# Living My Life

Here is the document of a woman for whom no moral or social barriers existed. *13 illus. 6¼" x 9½". 993 pp. and index.* Two volumes. Wherever books are sold. $7.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF
730 Fifth Avenue · New York

BORZOI BOOKS

A necessity to all those who desire to keep abreast of the economic and political struggle throughout the world

# The New Leader

*America's Foremost Socialist and Labor Weekly*

Every week

## NORMAN THOMAS

on

"TIMELY TOPICS"

Other contributors include

Heywood Broun
Upton Sinclair
Dr. Harry Laidler
McAlister Coleman
Louis Stanley
Joseph T. Shipley
Morris Hillquit

$2 per year $1 for 6 months

(Readers of The New Republic are welcome to a sample copy.)

THE NEW LEADER
7 E. 15th Street New York City

# 25c a month

*(75c for 3 months; $1.50 for 6 months) is the special price of*

## THE NEW REPUBLIC

*for classroom use*

More than forty of the leading schools, colleges, and universities used The New Republic in the spring semester to give their students an opportunity to link up theoretical knowledge with the practical problems —economic, social, political—of the world outside the campus.

*Orders should be for ten or more copies. Instructor's copy free.*

**Address:**
CIRCULATION MANAGER, THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED